THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1858.

{ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1903.}

Original Novelet.

JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penn.]

CHAPTER VII.

The visit of Hendrickson was an hour too late. Dexter had already been there, and pressed his suit to a formal issue. The bold suitor had carried off the prize, while the timid one yet hesitated. Jessie went back to her room, after her interview with Paul Hendrickson, in spiritual stature no longer a half developed girl, but a full woman grown. The girl's strength would no longer have sustained her. Only the woman's soul, strong in principle and strong to endure, could bear up now. And the woman's soul shuddered in the conflict of passions that came like furies to destroy her—shuddered and bent, and writhed like some strong forest-tree in the maddening whirl of a tempest. But there was no faltering of purpose. She had passed her word—had made a solemn life-compact, and, she resolved to die, but not to waver.

The question as to whether she were right or wrong, it is not for us here to decide. We but record the fact. Few women after such a discovery would have ventured to move on a step further. But Jessie was not an ordinary woman. She possessed a high sense of personal honor; and looked upon any pledge as a sacred obligation. Having consented to become the wife of Leon Dexter, she saw but one right course, and that was to perform, as best she could, her part of the contract.

How envied she was! Many wondered that Dexter should have turned aside for a portionless girl when he might have led a jewelled bride to the altar. But though superficial, he had taste and discrimination enough to see that Jessie Loring was superior to all the maidens whom it had been his fortune to meet. And so, without pausing to look deeply into her heart, or take note of its peculiar aspirations and impulses, he boldly pressed forward resolved to win. And he did win; and in winning, thought, *like many another foolish man, that to win the loveliest, was to secure the highest happiness.* Fatal error! *Doubly fatal!*

an ordeal like the one that was testing the quality of Jessie Loring, and not show signs of the inward strife. It is in no way surprising, therefore, that, in her exterior, a marked change soon became visible. There was a certain dignity and reserve, verging, at times, on coldness, not seen prior to her engagement—and a quiet suppression of familiarity, even with her most intimate friends. The same marked change was visible in her intercourse with Mr. Dexter. She did not meet him with that kind of repulsion which is equivalent to pushing back with the hand. She accepted his loving ardor of speech and act; but passively. There was no responsive warmth.

At first Mr. Dexter was puzzled, and his ardent feelings chilled. He loved, admired, almost worshipped the beautiful girl from whom consent had been extorted, and her quiet, cold manner troubled him sorely. Glimpses of the real truth dawned into his mind. He let his thoughts go back, and went over again, in retrospection, every particular of their intercourse—dwelling minutely upon her words, looks, manner and emotions at the time he first pressed his suit upon her. The result was far from being satisfactory. She had not met his advances as he had hoped; but rather fled from him—and he had gained her only by pursuit. Her assent had not come warmly from her heart, but burdened with a sigh. Mr. Dexter felt though she was his, that she had not been fairly won. The conviction troubled him.

"I will release her," he said, in a sudden glow of generous enthusiasm. But Mr. Dexter had not the nobility for such a step. He was too selfish a man to relinquish the prize.

"I will woo and win her still." This was to him a more satisfactory conclusion. But he had won all of her in his power to gain. Her heart was to him a sealed book. He could not unclasp the volume, nor read a single page.

Earnestly at times did Jessie strive to appear attractive in the eyes of her betrothed—to meet his ardor with returning warmth. But the effort was accompanied with so much pain that suffering was unable to withdraw wholly beneath a veil of smiles.

The wordy, restless pleasure evinced by Mrs. Loring was particularly annoying to Jessie; so much so that any allusion by her aunt to the approaching marriage was almost certain to cloud her brow. And yet so gratified was this worldly-minded woman at the good fortune of her niece in securing so brilliant an alliance, that it seemed as if, for a time, she could talk of nothing else.

Mr. Dexter urged an early marriage, while Jessie named a period nearly a year in advance; but as she could give no valid reason for delaying their happiness so long, the time was shortened to four months. As the day approached the pressure on the heart of Miss Loring grew heavier.

"Oh, if I could die!" How many times in the silence of night and in the loneliness of her chamber did her lips give forth this utterance.

But the striving spirit could not lay down its burden thus.

Not once, since the exciting interview we have described, had Paul and Jessie met. At places of fashionable amusement she was a constant attendant in company with Dexter, who was proud of her beauty. But though her eyes searched everywhere in the crowded audiences, in no instance did she recognize the face of Hendrickson. In festive companies, where he had been a constant attendant, she missed his presence. Often she heard him inquired after, yet only once did the answer convey any intelligence. It was at a large party.

"Where is Mr. Hendrickson? It is a long time since I have seen him," she heard a lady say. Partly turning she recognized Mrs. Denison as the person addressed. The answer was in so low a tone that her ear did not make it out, though she listened with suspended breath.

"Ah! I'm sorry," responded the other.—"What is the cause?"

"A matter of the heart, I believe," said Mrs. Denison.

"Indeed! Is he very much depressed?"

"He is changed," was the simple remark of Mrs. Denison.

"Who was the lady?"

Jessie did not hear the answer.

"You don't tell me so!" In a tone of surprise, and the lady glanced around the room.

"And he took it very much to heart?" she went on.

"Yes. I think it will modify his whole life," said Mrs. Denison. "He is a man of deep feeling—somewhat peculiar; over diffident; and not given to showing himself off to the best advantage. But he is every inch a man—all gold and no tinsel! I have known him from boyhood, and speak of his quality from certain knowledge."

"He will get over it," remarked the lady. "Men are not apt to go crazy after pretty girls. The market is full of such attractions."

"It takes more than a painted butterfly to dazzle him, my friend," said Mrs. Denison. "*His eyes are too keen, and go below the surface at a glance. The woman he loves must reach* [illegible]"

"But you don't suppose he is going to break his heart over this matter?"

"No—oh, no! That is an extreme disaster."

"He will forget her in time; and there are good fish in the sea yet."

"Time is the great restorer," said Mrs. Denison; "and time will show, I trust, that good will come of this severe trial which my young friend is now enduring. These better natures are oftenest exposed to furnace heat, for only they have gold enough to stand the ordeal of fire."

"He is wrong to shut himself out from society."

"So I tell him. But he says 'wait—wait, I am not strong enough yet.'"

"He must, indeed, take the matter deeply to heart."

"He does."

Here the voice fell to such a low measure that Jessie lost all distinction of words. But the few sentences which had reached her ears disturbed her spirit profoundly—too profoundly to wake even a ripple on the surface. No one saw a change on her countenance, and her voice, answering a moment after to the voice of a friend, betrayed no unusual sign of feeling.

And this was all she had heard of him for months.

Once, a little while before her marriage, she met him. It was a few weeks after these brief, unsatisfactory sentences had troubled the waters of her spirit. She had been out with her aunt for the purpose of selecting her wedding attire; and, after a visit to the dressmaker's, was returning alone, her aunt wishing to make a few calls at places where Jessie did not care to go. She was crossing one of the public squares when the thought of Hendrickson came suddenly into her mind. Her eyes were cast down at the moment. Looking up involuntarily she paused, for, within a few paces was the young man himself, approaching from the opposite direction. He paused also, and they stood with eyes riveted upon each other's faces—both, for a time, too much embarrassed to speak. Their hands had mutually clasped, and Hendrickson was holding that of Jessie tightly compressed within his own.

The first to regain self-possession was Miss Loring. With a quick motion she withdrew her hand, and moved back a single step. The mantling flush left her brow, and the startled eyes looked calmly into the young man's face.

"Have you been away from the city, Mr. Hendrickson?" she inquired, in tones that gave but few signs of feeling.

"No." He could not trust himself to utter more than a single word.

"I have missed you from the old places," she said.

"Have you? It is something even to be missed!" He could not suppress the tremor in his voice.

"Good-morning!"

Jessie almost sprang past him, and hurried away. The tempter was at her side: and she felt it to be an hour of weakness. She must yield or fly—and she fled: fled with rapid, unsteady feet, pausing not until the door of her own chamber shut out all the world and left her alone with Heaven. Weak, trembling, exhausted, she bowed herself, and in anguish of spirit prayed—

"Oh, my Father: sustain me! Give me light, strength, patience, endurance. I am walking darkly; and the way is rough and steep. Let me not fall. The floods roar about me—let me not sink beneath them. My heart is failing under its heavy burden. Oh, bear me up! The sky is black—show me some rift in the clouds, for I am fainting in this rayless night. And oh, if I dare to pray for *him*—if the desire for his happiness springs from no wrong sentiment—let this petition find favor. As he asked that I might be kept spotless as the angels, so keep him; and after he has passed through the furnace, let not the smell of fire be upon him. Send him a higher blessing than that which he has lost. Oh, Lord! give strength to both—especially to her whose voice is now ascending, for she is weakest, and will have most to endure."

For a long time after the murmur of prayer had died on her lips, Jessie remained prostrate. When she arose at last, it was with a slow, weary movement, dreary eyes, and absent manner. The shock of this meeting had been severe—disturbing her too profoundly for even the soothing influence of prayer. She did not arise from her knees comforted—scarcely strengthened. A kind of benumbing stupor followed.

"What ails the girl?" Mrs. Loring said to herself, as she vainly strove at dinner time to draw her forth into lively conversation. "She gets into the strangest states—just like her poor mother! And like her, I'm afraid sometimes, will make herself and every one else around her miserable. I pity Leon Dexter, if this is so. He may find that his caged bird will not sing. Already the notes are few and far between: and little of the old sweetness is in them."

CHAPTER VIII.

A few days after the meeting between Mr. Hendrickson and Miss Loring, as just mentioned, Mr. Dexter received the following communication:

"*Dear Sir*—I am scarcely well enough acquainted with you to venture this note and request: but I happen to know of something so vital to your happiness, that I cannot feel conscience-clear and not ask an interview. I shall be at home this evening.

"ALICE DENISON."

Early in the evening, Dexter was at the house of Mrs. Denison.

"You have frightened me, my dear madam!" he said, almost abruptly, as he entered the parlor, where he found her awaiting him.

"I have presumed on a slight acquaintance, Mr. Dexter, to ask an interview on a very delicate subject," Mrs. Denison replied. "May I speak freely, and without danger of offending, when no offence is designed?"

"I have not had the pleasure of knowing you intimately, Mrs. Denison," replied the visitor, "but it has been no fault of mine. I have always held you in high regard; and always been gratified with our passing intercourse on the few occasions it has been my privilege to meet you. That you have felt enough concern for my welfare to ask this interview, gratifies me. Say on—and speak freely. I am eager to hear."

"You are about to marry Jessie Loring," said Mrs. Denison.

"I am." And Dexter fixed his eyes with a look of earnest inquiry upon her face.

Mrs. Denison had come to the subject more abruptly than she at first intended, and she was already in doubt as to her next remark; but there could be no holding back now.

"Are you sure, Mr. Dexter, that you possess her undivided heart?"

"I marvel at your question, madam!" he answered, with a start, and in a tone of surprise.

"Calmly, my friend." And Mrs. Denison, who was a woman of remarkably clear perceptions, laid her hand upon his arm. "I am not questioning idly, nor to serve any sinister or hidden purpose—but am influenced by higher motives. Nor am I acting at the instance of another. What passes between us this evening shall be sacred. I said that I knew of something vital to your happiness; therefore I asked this interview. And now ponder well my question, and be certain that you get the right answer."

Dexter let his eyes fall. He sat for a long while silent, but evidently in earnest thought.

"Have you her full, free, glad assent to the approaching union?" asked Mrs. Denison, breaking in upon his silence. She saw a shade of impatience on his countenance as he looked up, and checked the words that were on his lips, by saying,

"Marriage is no light thing, my young friend. It is a relation which, more than any other, makes or mars the future: and when entered into, should be regarded as the most solemn act of life. Here all error is fatal. The step once taken, it cannot be retraced. Whether the path be rough or even, it must be pursued to the end. If the union be harmonious—internally so, I mean—peace, joy, interior delight will go on, finding daily increase—if inharmonious, eternal discord will curse the married partners. Do not be angry with me then, for pressing the question—Have you her full, free, glad assent to the approaching union? If not, pause!—for your barque, though fair, may be drifting fast upon the breakers—and not yours only, but hers."

"I have reason to fear, Mr. Dexter," continued Mrs. Denison, seeing that her visitor did not attempt to reply, but sat looking at her in a kind of bewildered surprise, "that you pressed your suit too eagerly, and gained a half unwilling consent. Now, if this be so, you are in great danger of making shipwreck. An ordinary woman—worldly, superficial, half-hearted, or no-hearted—even if she did not really love you, would find ample compensation in your fortune, and in the social advantages it must secure. But depend upon it, sir, these will not fill the aching void that must be in Jessie Loring's heart, if you have no power to fill it with your image—for she is no ordinary woman. I have observed her carefully since this engagement, and I grieve to see that she is not happy. Have you seen no change?"

Mrs. Denison waited for an answer.

"She is not so cheerful; I have noticed that," replied the young man.

"Have you ever questioned in your own mind as to the cause?"

"Often."

"And what was the solution?"

"I remain ignorant of the cause."

"Mr. Dexter; *I* am not ignorant of the cause!"

"Speak, then, in Heaven's name!"

The young man betrayed a deeper excitement than he wished to manifest. He had been struggling with himself.

"Her heart is not with you!" said Mrs. Denison, with suppressed feeling. "It is a hard saying, but I speak it in the hope of saving both you and the maiden, from a life of wretchedness."

"By what authority and under what instigation do you say this!" was demanded almost angrily. "You are going a step too far, madam!"

The change in his manner was very sudden.

"I speak from myself only," replied Mrs. Denison, calmly.

"If her heart is not mine, whose is it?"

Dexter showed considerable excitement.

"I am not her confidant."

"Who is? somebody must speak from her, if I am to credit your assertions!"

"Calm yourself, my young friend," said Mrs. Denison; "there are signs which a woman can read as plainly as if they were written words; and I have felt too deep an interest in this matter not to have marked every sign. Miss Loring is not happy—and the shadow upon her spirit grows darker every day. Before this engagement, her glad soul looked ever out in beauty from her eyes; now—but I need not describe to you the change. You have noted its progress. Is it an extreme conclusion that her heart is not in the alliance she is about to form?"

A long silence followed.

"If you were certain that I am right—if, with her own lips, Jessie Loring were to confirm what I have said—what then?

"I would release her from this engagement; and she might go her ways. The world is wide."

THE MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

He spoke with some bitterness.

"The way is plain, then. From what I have said, you are fully warranted in talking to her without reserve. Quote me if you please. Say that I made bold to assert that you did not possess the key that would unlock the sacred place of her heart: and you may add further, that I say the *key is held by another.* This will bring the right issue. If she truly loves you, there will be no mistaking her response. If she accepts the release you offer, happy will you be in making the most fortunate escape of your life."

"I will do it!" exclaimed Dexter, rising, "and this very night!"

"If done at all, it were well done quickly," said Mrs. Denison, rising also. "And now, my young friend, let what will be the result, think of me as one who, under the pressure of a high sense of responsibility, has simply discharged a painful duty. I have no personal or private ends to gain; all I desire is to save two hearts from making shipwreck. If successful, I shall have my reward."

"One question, Mrs. Denison," said Dexter, as they were about separating. "Its answer may give me light, and the strength to go forward. I have marked your words and manner very closely: and this is my conclusion:—You not only believe that I do not possess the love of Jessie Loring, but your thought points to another man whom you believe does rule in her affections. Am I wrong?"

The suddenness of the question confused Mrs. Denison. Her eyes sunk under his gaze, and for some moments her self-possession was lost. But, rallying herself, she answered:

"Not wholly wrong."

Dexter's countenance grew dark.

"His name!—give me his name!"

He spoke with agitation.

"That is going a step too far," said Mrs. Denison, with firmness.

"Is it Hendrickson?"

Dexter looked keenly into the lady's face.

"A step too far, sir," she repeated. "I cannot answer your inquiry."

"You *must* answer it, madam!" He was imperative. "I demand the yes or no. Is it or is it not Paul Hendrickson?"

"Your calmer reason, sir, will tell you to-morrow that I was right in refusing to give any man's name in this connection," replied Mrs. Denison. "I am pained to see you so much disturbed. My hope was that you would go to Miss Loring in the grave dignity of manhood.—But, while in this spirit of angry excitement, I pray you keep far from her."

"Hendrickson is the man!" said Dexter, his brows still contracting heavily. "But if he still hopes to rival me in Jessie's love, he will find himself vastly in error. No, no, madam! If it is for him you are interested, you had better give it up. I passed him in the race long ago."

A feeling of disgust arose in the mind of Mrs. Denison, mingled with a stronger feeling of contempt. But she answered without a visible sign of either.

"I am sorry that you have let the form of any person come in to give right thought and honorable purpose a distorting bias. I did hope that you would see Miss Loring under the influence of a better state. And I pray you still to be calm, rational, generous, manly. Go to her in a noble, unselfish spirit. If you love her truly you desire her happiness: and to make her happy, would even release her pledged hand, were such a sacrifice needed."

"You give me credit for more virtue than I claim to possess," was answered, a little sarcastically. "Love desires to hold, not lose its object."

"Enough, my young friend," said Mrs. Denison, in her calm, earnest way. "We will not handy words—that would be fruitless. I grieve that you should have misunderstood me in even the least thing, or let the slightest suggestion of a sinister motive find a lodgment in your mind. I have had no purpose but a good one to serve, and shall be conscience-clear in the matter. A more delicate task than this was never undertaken. That I have not succeeded according to my wishes, is no matter of surprise."

"Good-evening, madam!"

Dexter bowed with a cold formality.

"Good-evening!" was mildly returned.

And so the young man went away.

"I fear that only harm will come of this," said Mrs. Denison, as she retired from the door. "I meant it for the best, and pray that no evil may follow the indiscretion, if such it be!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EXCELLENT ADVICE FROM A HIGH SOURCE.—Converse not with a liar or a swearer, or a man of obscene or wanton language; for either he will corrupt you, or at least it will hazard your reputation to be one of the like making; and if it doth neither, yet it will fill your memory with such discourses that it will be troublesome to you in after-time; and the returns of the remembrance of the passages which you have long since heard of this nature, will haunt you when your thoughts should be better employed.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

A WOMAN'S GROWING OLD.

If women could only believe it, there is a wonderful beauty even in growing old. The charm of expression arising from softened temper or ripened intellect, often amply atones for the loss of form and coloring; and, consequently, to those who never could boast either of these latter, years give much more than they take away. A sensitive person often requires half a lifetime to get thoroughly used to this corporeal machine, to attain a wholesome indifference both to its defects and perfections—and to learn at last what nobody would acquire from any teacher but experience, that it is the mind alone which is of any consequence; that with a good temper, sincerity, and a moderate stock of brains—or even the two former only—any sort of body can in time be made useful, respectable, and agreeable, as a travelling-dress for the soul. Many a one, who was absolutely plain in youth, thus grows pleasant and well-looking in declining years. You will hardly ever find anybody, not ugly in mind, who is repulsively ugly in person after middle life.

So with the character. If a woman is ever to be wise or sensible, the chances are that she will have become so somewhere between thirty and forty. Her natural good qualities will have developed; her evil ones have either been partly subdued, or have overgrown her like rampant weeds; for however we may talk about people being "not a whit altered"—"just the same as ever"—not one of us is, or can be, for long together, exactly the same; no more than that the body we carry with us is the identical body we were born with, or the one we supposed ours seven years ago. Therein, as in our spiritual self which inhabits it, goes on a perpetual change and renewal: if this ceased, the result would be, not permanence, but corruption. In moral and mental, as well as physical growth, it is impossible to remain stationary; if we do not advance, we retrograde. Talk of "too late to improve"—"too old to learn," &c. Idle words! A human being should be improving with every day of a lifetime; and will probably have to go on learning through all the ages of immortality.

HOW LOUIS NAPOLEON ESCAPED FROM HAM.—I recorded, during the last days of December, that one of the first guests at breakfast at the Elysée was the curé of the fortress at Ham, who had been the Prince's spiritual adviser, as well as one of his principal social resources during his imprisonment; and at the same breakfast was likewise present the faithful dog, who had been his more constant companion, and, most unwittingly, had nearly destroyed his master's chance of escape. I premise that I never was at Ham, and have no personal acquaintance with the locality, but repeat *the story as it was told at the time to me:*—"The Prince, disguised as one of the file of workmen going forth to their dinner, had passed the drawbridge, when the director, whose duty it was to examine them in passing, caught his eye, and turned to interrogate the foreman as to his identity, when his attention was diverted by some defect in a work then in progress.—Whilst his inquiries in reference to this were going on, the line of workmen passed out, and the Prince among them. He then took a separate direction, which had been before arranged, to the summit of a bare acclivity. Casting his eyes around, he saw that his dog, which had been shut up to prevent the chance of betrayal, had made his escape, had caught sight of him, known him in spite of his disguise, and was bounding and careering after him at full speed, little aware how fatal, at such a moment, would be any habitual demonstration of his affection. Had the Prince hurried his pace whilst yet in sight, that very act would probably have caused instant suspicion. With what intense anxiety had he, therefore, to calculate the possibility of passing the brow of the hill before this unconscious cause of danger reached him. The intermediate summit of the undulating ground was already behind him, and just concealed him from the fortress, when the delighted animal jumped upon his shoulder, and was welcomed in safety, and, I understand, has never since left him." How much of future political destiny, perhaps, hung upon the comparative speed at which the dog and his master had passed the intervening distance.—*A Year of Revolution in Paris, by Lord Normanby.*

PAINTING ON GLASS.—There is a common opinion that the ancient art of glass painting is completely lost. This, however, is so far from being true, that it is now carried to a much higher degree of perfection than ever before, except in one particular color, and even that is very nearly approached to. We can blend the colors, and produce the effects of light and shadow, which the ancients could not do, by harmonizing and mixing the colors in such a manner, and fixing by properly enamelling and burning them, that they shall afterwards become just as permanent as those of the ancients, with the additional advantage of superior art. In modern times, glass-painting has been carried to the greatest perfection at Zurich. The process is effected chiefly by colors derived from metals. The colors are laid on by fluxes, as soft glass and easily vitrified bodies. The colors are affixed by annealing the metals to the glass.

"DOING" THE ENGLISH.—A Calcutta paper states, that at Pubna, the authorities have been in the habit of giving a reward for wild animals killed. The money was often paid without any close inspection of the heads. One day about two hundred heads (mostly of tigers) were brought into Pubna for the usual reward. The Assistant Magistrate, moved by the extraordinary number, went to examine them more closely. He gave one of the heads a kick, when it proved to be made up of mud, &c., with tusks stuck in and patched over with pieces of tiger's skin. Another and another was kicked with the same result: in fact, only some twenty turned out to be genuine. One of the men who brought them in confessed that this practice had been carried on for years. They were each sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

BANK STATEMENTS.

The banks of this city are said to be on the eve of resumption. If they do, many, we hope all, of the country banks of the State will follow suit. By the recent statement, the following is the condition of the Philadelphia banks:—

Loans,	$21,216,447
Specie,	3,019,151
Circulation,	909,993
Deposits,	13,806,114

It will thus be seen *that the specie they hold is almost four times greater* than the amount of their notes in circulation; and nearly one-fourth of the united amounts of their circulation and deposits.

The recent statement (Jan. 4) of the Boston banks is as follows:—

Loans,	$50,726,800
Specie,	5,028,000
Circulation,	5,146,500
Deposits,	17,073,890

This statement, so far as the proportion of specie to circulation is concerned, is not to be compared to that of the Philadelphia banks—though the proportion of specie to the united circulation and deposits is about the same in both cities.

The last statement (Jan. 3,) of the New York city banks is as follows:—

Loans	$109,149,153
Specie	11,172,244
Circulation	8,602,113
Deposits (Gross)	95,546,216
Do. (Undrawn)	63,077,820

It will be noticed that the New York city banks have between two and three times as many notes in proportion to specie as the banks of this city. The proportion of specie to the united Deposits and Circulation is also much less than that of the Banks of Philadelphia and Boston. And yet the New York banks are paying specie, while our own are not. Truly, a curious condition of affairs. One explanation of the anomaly, generally credited in this city, is that the New York and Boston banks do not need the same proportion of specie to maintain themselves, owing to the fact that small notes constitute so large a portion of the currency of New York and New England. In Pennsylvania, as our readers know, we have no notes (in specie paying times) under five dollars. Just now, the law is very generally disregarded.

We see that Governor King, of New York, while taking very little notice of the recent suspension in that State, on the principle probably that "the least said the soonest mended," recommends that each bank in the State be required to keep on hand "a fixed relative proportion of coin to the total amount of cash liabilities, *exclusive of its notes*." This the Governor believes would prevent undue competition for deposits, and "go to prevent catastrophes, such as that from which we are now emerging." The proper proportion of coin he believes to be twenty-five per cent.: to be reached by a regular monthly increase, to prevent unnecessary inconvenience. Whether the Legislature will concur in the Governor's views, remains, of course, to be seen.

In our own State, we have rumors from Harrisburg of contemplated restrictions upon bank issues. What their character will be, or whether it will be possible to agree upon any, in view of the exceeding diversity of opinions at present prevailing upon the subject, is yet a matter of doubt. As the old proverb says, "We shall see what we shall see"—to which we may add, that a good many things transpire in legislative halls, the true motives and reasons of which the public never will see at all.

THE LEVIATHAN.

As the sixth trial to launch the "*Leave-her-high-and-dry-athan*" has failed in England—about $75,000 having already been expended in vain—some gentlemen of this good city of Philadelphia, taking pity on John Bull in his perplexity, have sent out by the Persia, proposals to contract for the launch in question. The machinery which they design using, if their proposals are accepted, is that patented by Mr. Dick, of Crawford county, in this State. The sum stipulated for is of course not to be paid unless the launch is brought to a successful termination. We hope that no narrow jealousies will prevent our English cousins from accepting this proposition to aid them in their hour of need—though we are afraid that the thought of American ingenuity doing that which the greatest British engineers have failed thus far to effect, will be an insurmountable obstacle to the acceptance of the Pennsylvania proposition.

The book of Job asks ironically, as our readers remember, "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook?" So far, the answer seems to be, as made by English Science, "We cannot tame even this artificial sea-monster which our own hands have made." When it was first proposed to christen this huge vessel Leviathan, instead of "The Great Eastern," certain religious journals of Great Britain were very much shocked, seeing in it (we do not exactly understand why) something savoring of irreverence. Of course the journals in question now are tempted to cry aloud—"We told you so."

DISPUTED READINGS.

A recent criticism on the following lines of "Paradise Lost:—"

> "Or where the gorgeous east, with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,"

took the ground that the epithet "barbaric" applied to "kings," not to "pearl and gold," as so many read it. We had always supposed that it did also, but another critic, in "Zion's Herald," says:—

> It is contended that the epithet "barbaric" belongs to "kings," not to "pearl and gold;" and the assertion is supported by a reference to the requirements of the rhythm, and to an assumed fact. As to the rhythm, it may or may not be correct, though to my ear, the harmony of the verse is quite as much preserved by a pause after kings, as by a pause after barbaric.
>
> But, however this may be, no one who has read half-a-dozen consecutive lines of Paradise Lost will need to be told that the true sense and construction of Milton's verse is not to be determined by the rules of rhythm: the harmony of the verse often requiring a pause at one place, and the sense at another.
>
> But the fact which the writer assumes with so much confidence, to wit, that the epithet "barbaric," is always applied by the classic writers to persons, is not a fact at all. On the contrary the reverse of the proposition is much nearer the truth. Milton's "barbaric pearl and gold," is in fact a literal translation of Virgil's "barbaricum aurum," (barbaric gold) Aen. lib. 2, l. 504, and no doubt he had this very passage in mind when he wrote. Such transfers of epithets and phrases from the ancient authors abound in Milton. We have in the classic writers an abundance of such phrases as "barbaricæ vestes," (barbaric vestments) Lucretius lib. 2, l. 500: "barbarica sylva," (a wild wood:) "barbarica supellex," (rude furniture) and so on. But I will not occupy your columns by further proof of classic usage, though I have several arrows more in my quiver.
>
> The above seems to throw the construction into doubt—for, as is justly said, the rhythm cannot be considered an absolute test of the sense. We think, therefore, that readers may be allowed to take their choice as to the meanings—as in the frequent dispute as to the true construction of Gray's line:
>
> The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.
>
> It is evident that Gray may have meant to read the above with a pause after "tolls," or may not. Either way the sense is good, and readers therefore may please themselves in the matter. For our own part we prefer to read Gray,
>
> The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
>
> because the other reading is not strictly grammatical, and because it is in better keeping with the reading of the rest of the verse—
>
> The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
> The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
> The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
> And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
>
> To break the first line with a pause seems to us out of harmony with the general rhythm of the verse, not to say of the poem.
>
> We also prefer to read Milton—
>
> ——barbaric pearl and gold.
>
> Not that we think it is the true reading, but because it is, in our opinion, the most poetical one. "Barbaric kings" is very trite—it is in all the school books—*it is plain prose*;—but "barbaric pearl and gold" *is poetry, and very good poetry too*—which is the reason that it is quoted so often.

UNFOUNDED RUMORS.

The recent telegraphic statement from St. Louis, that a conflict had occurred between the Free State men and the U. S. Dragoons, is said to be entirely without foundation in fact. The *St. Louis Republican* of the 3d inst. says:

> A despatch from Captain E. N. Tracy, of the steamer Isabella, dated at Booneville yesterday, says that he left Fort Leavenworth on the 31st ult., some days after the news of the engagement is reported to have been received at Leavenworth City, and that "all was quiet in Kansas Territory." If there had been such an engagement—if Lane and Robinson had been seen "mounted and completely armed," "much excited," and addressing a crowd, "and the people of Lawrence were preparing to take the field," and that Governor Denver had called for three additional companies of dragoons, certainly it could not be said that "all was quiet in Kansas Territory."

If those whose business it is to forward the news through the telegraph would state facts as facts, and mere rumors as mere rumors, the public could not blame them when the latter proved to be worthless. It is natural that a news agent should telegraph an exciting rumor. Were he not to do so, and the rumor should prove afterwards to be founded on truth, he would be blamed by his employers for a want of attention to their interests. But let us have rumors as rumors, and only well authenticated facts as facts.

OUR FOLDING MACHINE.

For three or four months past, THE POST has been folded by one of Chambers' Folding Machines. In one corner of our packing-room, occupying little more space than an ordinary folding table, stands an iron-fingered automaton that, from morning till night, quietly folds from fifty to sixty sheets of THE POST *per minute*; delivering them folded, at the option of the attendant, in the form for single mailing, for clubs, or for city delivery.

By the compressing power of the machine, the labor of packing is considerably facilitated, and the mail packages somewhat reduced in size. This machine not only does its work better than it usually is done by hand, but does it at a much less cost. For these reasons, we have no hesitation in recommending the invention to the publishers of newspapers generally. For ourselves, we consider the power folder a natural and necessary adjunct of the power press. The Book Folder of the same inventor, is said by those using it, to perform in an equally satisfactory manner.

Machines for all kinds of folding, from a simple hand-bill to the most elaborate book-work, may be obtained by addressing *Messrs. Chambers, Brothers & Co.*, of this city.

TICKET SWINDLING IN NEW YORK.—We call the attention of the travelling community to a communication in another column upon the above subject. We also invoke the attention of the managers of the New York and Philadelphia Railroad to the subject. It is very curious that the railroad officials do not take care to block the game of these "bogus ticket" sellers. Certainly it has continued for too long a period for them to plead ignorance of it. If there is a place in the country where all kinds of swindling and rascality seem to be tolerated and even respected as necessary institutions, New York city is that place.

A WORD IN SEASON.

If the Bank of Pennsylvania goes into liquidation, we would advise the stockholders to see to it, as far as possible, that the settlement of its affairs are entrusted to men of undoubted integrity and uprightness. Too often, in such cases, those appointed to wind up the bank, manage to make, as people say, a "*good* thing out of it"—which means a very *bad* thing for the stockholders.

As this is a day of general reckoning—something of a financial judgment-day—we would suggest to the stockholders of the United States Bank to look into the winding up of that celebrated institution. We have heard strange stories of the way in which that business has been managed; and suspicion in such matters is a fitting ground, not for condemnation, but for inquiry. Of course one feels tempted indignantly to deny at once that various eminent counsellors have received as fees sums varying from $20,000 to $70,000 each—for though we know their high attainments, it seems impossible that so great a value could have been set upon their services by the executors of a bankrupt institution. And so with the, we trust, exaggerated charge that the large sum of one million of dollars has been divided between various parties in payment of various highly important services. Or that coal lands in a certain county were suddenly sold at $100 the acre, when there was a standing offer of $400 for them—said lands being really worth at least $1,500 an acre. Or that it was not thought right to publish to the world that the Bank owned large tracts in the West; one of which in Chicago had been sold for thousands of dollars, when it would have brought at public sale hundreds of thousands.

Of course one would say at once that these things cannot be so—but still it is well for the credit of honorable men, that such rumors should be dragged to the light of day, and their falsehood stamped legibly upon them. Or when there is a mere possibility—the merest possibility—of such things being true—we should think the stockholders would like to investigate the matter a little, just sufficient anyhow to see their perfect groundlessness.

TICKET SWINDLING IN NEW YORK.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—After reading your article in last Saturday's paper (Jan. 2nd) headed "Our Great Cities," I feel called upon to testify to the truth of your remarks in regard to the swindling operations of "bogus" ticket sellers near the office of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, New York. It is one of the boldest cases of swindling;—and it is very singular, to say the least, that the company as well as the police are not aware of the perpetration of the fraud.

On Thursday of last week, as I was about to enter the ticket office, I saw a man hurried off by a gentlemanly looking person, and as they passed heard the remark—"Come, you must hurry up, you will be too late." I remarked to my companion, "There goes a victim." I could not prove it, but having seen the same thing three times previously, judged such was the fact.

While crossing the ferry at Camden, a gentleman sitting next to me was relating to another that he had discovered upon showing his ticket that it was "bogus." He was vexed with himself for his "greenness," but in the hurry of the moment did not mistrust he was being victimized.

I mention these particulars in order that the unsuspecting may be upon their guard. I do not believe a train leaves that ferry, that has not some "bogus" tickets among its passengers.

To prove it is a common affair, the baggage master insisted upon seeing our tickets before the baggage was checked, and upon forcing an answer from him, we found it was to satisfy himself that our tickets were "simon pure" before we started.

The genuine ticket office is not sufficiently conspicuous. The company should have one so situated that the question of "Where is the ticket office?" should never be asked. Until a change is made, those ignorant of its position will find it *on the river side to the right of the gangway*; and let travellers on no consideration be hurried to the opposite side of the street. If a gentleman (so miscalled) makes considerable effort to show you the office, "beware, trust him not, he is fooling thee."

If such rascality is to be countenanced by those in office, it becomes necessary for travellers to guard each other through the medium of the press.

CHRISTMAS.

> Glorious time of great Too Much!
> Too much heat and too much noise,
> Too much babblement of boys;
> Too much eating, too much drinking,
> Too much everything but thinking;
> Solely best to laugh and stuff,
> And trample upon base Enough.
>
> —*Leigh Hunt.*

☞ Marriage is the best state for man in general: and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.—*Johnson.*

> One sweetly solemn thought
> Comes to me o'er and o'er—
> I'm nearer my home to-day
> Than I've ever been before;
> Nearer my Father's house,
> Where the many mansions be;
> Nearer the great white throne;
> Nearer the Jasper sea;
> Nearer that bound of life
> Where we lay our burdens down;
> Nearer leaving my cross;
> Nearer wearing my crown.

☞ Holmes, in his Breakfast Table Talk, says of the new Magazine:—"The Atlantic is not so called because it is *a notion*, as some dull wits wish they had said, but are too late."

> Hear the sledges with the bells—
> Silver bells!
> What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
> How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
> In the icy air of night!
> While the stars that oversprinkle
> All the heavens, seem to twinkle
> With a crystalline delight;
> Keeping time, time, time,
> In a sort of Runic rhyme,
> To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
> From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
> Bells, bells, bells—
> From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.
>
> —*Edgar A. Poe.*

☞ Pride is a wild beast which requires very costly food—the happiness of its keeper, and all around him.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A CHILLY COMMUNITY—A DANGEROUS ADVENTURE—MA'AMZELLE JACQUELINE.

Paris, December 17, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

I think no other people look so blue, and white, and purple, and generally cadaverous in cold raw weather, as the French. They are like the butterflies: made for summer weather, and as joyous as possible while it lasts; winter always seems to take them by surprise. Not a door or a window could probably be found in all Paris possessing the invaluable quality of tightness; the chimneys generally draw badly, and no French housekeeper has yet arrived at a worthy idea of a fire. Fuel, moreover, is exceedingly dear: and cloth and other woollen stuffs enter into the clothing of the population in far smaller proportion than among the nations of the North. All through the winter, cotton blouses and trowsers are in common use among the working-classes. They tie a woollen comforter round their necks, do up their heads in some bit of nondescript woollen or fur, and if they can raise a pair of coarse woollen mits, and woollen socks to wear inside their wooden shoes, they consider themselves rigged for the wintriest weather. But the red noses that display themselves on the whity-blue ground of their thin, starved-looking faces, suggest to the philanthropic observer a desire—equally vivid and impossible—to put the whole of them on a diet of roast-beef and "home-brewed," and set them all up, with their flimsily-dressed wives and children, with an abundant supply of good, stout, woollen clothing!

A nice little place, truly, is this small planet of ours, in which, as Carlyle so graphically puts it, we have only managed to achieve, for the greater part of our population, "an insufficiency of third-rate potatoes!"

Substantial garments, however, may prove themselves useful in more ways than one: witness an incident that occurred a day or two ago at Dieppe. At the foot of the cliffs of that pleasant shore, an extensive gleaning of seaweed, which is much prized as manure, takes place among the poorer part of the population; the municipal authority, which is supposed to be the owner of this seaweed, graciously permitting the public to gather it at this season when other avenues of rural industry are closed. A crane, on the top of the cliffs, hoists up the loads of seaweed as collected by the gatherers. A day or two ago, a poor woman, who was busy gathering the weed, had just made up her gleanings into a stout bundle, ready to be hoisted up. The people on the top of the cliff, supposing her to have hooked her bundle to the chain, proceeded to work the crane, when they found, to their horror, that they were drawing up the woman herself, instead of her bundle. The poor thing had been caught by her gown, and before she could clear herself from the hook, the crane was set in motion, and she found herself carried rapidly up the side of the cliff, too much terrified even to scream. The men at the crane, with great presence of mind, continued to draw her up, and being ready to help her when she reached the top, managed to secure her, and to draw her on to the turf without injury. The cliffs are one hundred and seventy feet high at that spot: and nothing but the strength of her gown, *in which the hook had caught, saved her* from certain destruction.

"All's well that ends well," and we may hope the poor seaweed gatherer, though nearly insensible when released from her perilous position, will be none the worse for her adventure.

But I am filling my paper, and hardly leaving myself room for an incident just imparted to me by a gentleman who possesses in perfection the art of wandering about Paris with a cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets; amusing himself with looking into all sorts of odd corners, and sometimes lighting on bits of contemporaneous biography worth the gleaning.

"What have you seen in your wanderings of the last week or two?" I inquired, on meeting him the other day, as I happened to be going through the Gardens of the Tuileries.

"Not much," he replied, "at least not much that would amuse you to hear described. But one of my discoveries may perhaps interest you, if you have time to hear it."

"I have always time to hear a story," I answered, "especially if it be a true one. So throw away your odious cigar; and now for the discovery you speak of!"

"It was about a week ago," began my friend, having extinguished his cigar and replaced it carefully in his cigar-case, as we walked down the broad central avenue towards the fountain, "in one of my early walks along the quays, at the hour when hideous withered old hags, and their equally hideous counterparts of the other sex, are carrying off the filthy and repulsive gleanings of pavements and gutters—in the reeking *crochets* slung upon their backs, when scavengers are busy, and milk-cans meet the eye in every direction, that I espied a couple of great red and yellow placards, affixed to either side of the door of a large but sordid-looking house, setting forth that a sale would that day disperse to the four winds of heaven the furniture and graving-properties of Jean Monet, engraver, recently deceased. For particulars, you were invited to 'inquire within.'

"Some undefined sentiment led me to wish to see this sale; and in I went.

"'Monsieur is going—?' cried the shrill inquiring voice of the portress.

"'To the sale,' I replied.

"'The sale will not begin till noon,' she continued; 'but you can go up and look at the things, if you choose. Looking costs nothing; there are people up there already. It is the fourth-story, left-hand door.'

"I went up the dirty, narrow stairs, and entered the door indicated by the portress. The deserted rooms, all their poor furniture in the utmost disorder, offered a melancholy spectacle. The *Commissaire* was already there, seated at a desk, and busy with his ledgers! His people were placing the things in the order of sale, and several idlers like myself were moving through the sordid and dirty rooms.

"The second room had been the graver's workshop: and his tools, with some half-finished plates, were lying about. On an old table, black with age and grime, was a little doll, perched on a wooden pedestal. Her hair hung lank over her shoulders, the color was gone from cheeks and lips, and her striped gown was soiled and limp. Only her black glassy eyes had survived the general wreck of her former beauty.

"The poor little desolate-looking doll had something touching and pathetic about it. I could not help fancying I must have seen it before; and was quite sure that it must have a history.

"Just then came in a common-looking man, vulgar and hard to the last degree. I disliked him instinctively. He loitered through the rooms, cast a contemptuous glance on the doll as he went by, and then inspected the heap of copper plates lying in a corner of the room. As he passed the doll again on his way from the room, he gave her a sharp rap on the head with his cane. The noise of the rap on the wooden head of the forlorn plaything sounded to me like a complaint. I was so much irritated by this cowardly and needless insult to the unprotected doll, that I could have found it in my heart to challenge him on the spot.

"'What unpardonable carelessness!' I exclaimed, angrily enough: 'Monsieur, you have thrust your cane within an inch of my eye!'

"This was a most absurd invention on my part for he was at least a dozen feet from me; but I was too angry to think of probabilities. The man turned round very civilly, took off his shabby hat, bowed, and expressed his regret in most apologetic tones. Then he put his hat on again, and went away.

"'How absurd I have been!' was my mental exclamation. Just then a pale, fair young man, with whity-brown whiskers and seedy paletot, entered the room, almost running against the vulgar man with the cane, who was just going out.

"'Good morning, Varin!' cried the former, 'what on earth are you doing here!'

"'I looked in just to see what there might be for sale,' replied the other, 'I thought perhaps some of the plates might be worth a trifle, but I see they are mere rubbish. I would not give five *sous* for all the things here put together!' he added with a contemptuous shrug, as he went down stairs.

"The new-comer walked slowly through the rooms, looking about him with a saddened expression: and sighed two or three times as he made his survey. 'Poor Monet!' he ejaculated, at last, in an under tone.

"As he passed the doll, he took it by the waist, and he looked at it kindly. 'Poor little Jacqueline!' he said, gently, as he replaced it on the block of wood, and patted it softly on the shoulder.

"He was evidently a friend of the defunct, and I felt that he was a good-hearted fellow. I bowed to him.

"'This poor, forsaken young lady,' I remarked, laughing, and pointing to the doll, 'has been rather hardly dealt with by the rough personage who has just left the room. I was so much offended by his behavior to her that I was on the point of quarrelling with him!'

"'If poor Monet were here, monsieur, he would thank you with tears in his eyes!' replied the pale young man, looking kindly on the doll, and caressing its shabby, pointless head. 'Old Varin,' he continued, 'is the print-seller for whom poor Monet used to engrave; and perhaps he was a little hard on him in the way of prices. At any rate, papa Varin has no great affection for you, my poor little Jacqueline,' said he, turning again towards the doll; 'but never mind that; I shall buy you presently, and you shall come home and dine with me. We shall be excellent friends, and no one shall knock you on the head any more, poor little Jacqueline!'

"My face probably expressed both astonishment and curiosity at the words of the pale young man, for he smiled, and resumed,

"'You do not know Jacqueline's history, monsieur?'

"'No, indeed, I do not,' I replied, 'and I should be very much obliged by your imparting it to me.'

"'Oh! 'tis but a short story. Poor Monet, an excellent, good, kind-hearted fellow, but one of those who seem to be born to be unlucky, had married a pretty, amiable creature, with no more good luck about her than himself. Two years after their marriage, she gave him a little daughter, and died just after its birth. All the affection the father had felt for his wife, (and they were really a very attached couple, in spite of their often having nothing better than a bit of dry bread for their dinner) now centred on his child. He fairly adored her; and worked away harder than ever, being as usual but ill-paid, however, for his industry was always greater than his luck. Two years passed thus.

"'I fancy I see him now, on a cold winter evening, sitting on a low chair beside the little stove there undressing his darling; fastening her little nightgown, and smoothing her curls under her cap—for he was father, mother, and nurse to the child!—and then wrapping his cloak about her, and holding her tiny hands in his, making her repeat her prayers before putting her into her little bed.

"'One day he came to me—'twas about six months ago—in a state of wildness and terror bordering on insanity. 'Lilie is ill,' said he, 'find me the best doctor in all Paris, my friend! She does not eat, she is heavy and sad, and her skin is covered with reddish patches. Bring the doctor directly, don't lose a minute for the love of Heaven!' And away he ran, like one possessed, back to his darling.

"'I lost no time in finding him a doctor,' pursued the pale young man, 'and we came here together with all speed. Lilie was pronounced to be taken with scarlatina. The doctor thought there was no danger, left her some medicine, and went away promising to come back in the evening. For four days and nights Monet never quitted the child's couch, never closed an eye, and would probably have died of inanition had we not forced him to eat. At length the crisis was passed, the little girl was saved. Monet, wild with joy, rolled her up in a blanket, and carried her about the room with her head on his shoulder, telling her little stories, and singing her every little song he could think of. Towards dusk I persuaded him to put her again into bed under the care of a good nurse who would take every care of her, and dragged him out for a walk in the fresh air. The sharp breeze seemed to excite him almost to intoxication; he walked rapidly, talked incessantly, and seemed unable to contain his exuberant joy.

"'When Lilie is a little stronger,' said he, 'I will take her into Normandy to my good Aunt Jacqueline's at Gounis. The air of the village and the fresh milk will set her up directly. And my good aunt, though I have not seen her for some years, will be glad enough to see us; for she was always very fond of me, and looked upon me as a child of her own. *Allons, c'est relo!* I will take my little Jacqueline to her, and the brave woman will love her as she used to love her father in his childhood.'

"'Just then we happened to be passing along the Pont Neuf, and he espied this doll in a toy-shop.

"'Oh! what a beautiful doll!' he cried. 'I will go and buy it for Lilie. You will see how delighted she will be! We will call it Jacqueline, Ma'amselle Jacqueline!'

"'The doll was bought, and so impatient was he to give it to his little girl, that he ran off to his home without my being able to persuade him to continue his walk.

"'If I go back at once I may be in time to give it her before she goes to sleep!' he said, as he ran away from me.

"'The next day, when I entered his room, Lilie was sitting in her little chair by the fire; holding her beautiful doll on her lap. But her face was pale and languid, her eyes heavy and haggard. I did not at all like her look. Her skin was yellow and flabby: altogether I felt startled, though I could not bear to damp Monet's joy by imparting my fears to him.

"'Presently the doll fell from Lilie's hand, and her head drooped on the back of her chair. Her father took her in his arms, and walked up and down the room with her, singing to her, and trying to rouse and amuse her. But she was weak and in pain; evidently ill. Monet was distracted. The doctor was sent for immediately. They had taken her too soon out of her bed; she had caught cold, and two days afterwards, when I came in here, a little corpse was lying in Lilie's bed with the doll beside her. The two little faces seemed to be smiling at each other; but one of them was as white as the pillow on which it lay. Monet had thrown himself across his graving-table where he was weeping and gnawing his handkerchief in a sort of stupor of sorrow. His grief was terrible. We did all we could to comfort him; but he had lost everything in losing his child. He had purchased a grave in the cemetery of Montmartre, and worked day and night to pay for it, talking for hours together to the doll, which stood before him on his table as he worked. The doll, with her glassy eyes, seemed to listen to him as he talked to her of his darling. His sole aim in life appeared to be the payment for that bit of ground, and of the expenses of her funeral. When this had been accomplished he laid down his graver: he seemed to have no idea of self-preservation left, his thoughts were with his child, and he spent his days in nursing Ma'amselle Jacqueline, and talking to her of what they were going to do. One day Varin came in, bringing him some copper-plates, and told him he was in a great hurry to have them finished. Monet began to dance Ma'amselle Jacqueline up and down on his knee, and said to her,

"'Tell him we are not going to do any more work for anybody. All is paid for, and we are going to Normandy, and we shall play in the churchyard at Gounis; and that is better than engraving.'

"'Varin called him a fool; got up angry, and went off in a passion.

"'After this,' continued the pale young man, 'you will hardly need to be told the sequel. A day or two afterwards, when we had got him to our eating-house, where we used to get him to dine with us, he was taken with a sudden fit of furious madness, and we could do nothing more than send him to a suitable asylum. Poor Monet! everything was done for him that could be done; but it was in vain. One day as I was going in with a friend to see him as usual, two of the infirmary-servants met us with a long, narrow deal box, that was about to figure in a pauper funeral. The corpse of poor Lilie's father was in that box. Happily we had got there in time to take possession of the body which we caused to be buried beside that of his daughter.'

"'You see, monsieur,' he added, as he turned his head to wipe away a tear, 'the history you have asked for is a very simple one.'

"'An hour or two afterward Ma'amselle Jacqueline was put up for sale amidst the laughs and jeers of the assembled crowd, and after a solitary bid of ten sous by a little girl, whose pecuniary resources did not admit of her going any higher, was knocked down at one franc to a pale young man in whity-brown whiskers and seedy paletot.'"

QUANTUM.

> Let little charities sit at thine ear,
> And mercy guard the portals of thy speech;
> Then thou shalt know no wrong of any man,
> And wilt not slay me with harsh words, which stick
> In the heart like poinards. —*T. B. Aldrich.*

☞ The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.—*Swift.*

☞ Rapp and Savary were sides-de-camp to Desaix adopted by Napoleon on the field of Marengo. The latter soon made progress by his suppleness; the former was a blunt Alsatian, and became neither duke nor marshal. He once ushered a dark looking Corsican to the presence of Napoleon and took care to hold the door open while the interview lasted. When questioned by Napoleon why he did this? "Because," replied Rapp, "I don't put much trust in your Corsicans."

> The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
> For that were stupid and irrational;
> But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,
> And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.

☞ There is no contending with necessity: and we should be very tender how we censure those that submit to it. It is one thing to be at liberty to do what we will, and another thing to do what we must.

> I know a little rose,
> And oh but I were blest
> Could I but be the drop of dew
> That lies upon her breast!
>
> But I dare not look so high,
> Nor die a death so sweet;
> It is enough for me to be
> The dust about her feet!

☞ A gentleman in conversation with Dr. Johnson having, to some of the usual arguments for drinking, added this: "You know, sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable: would not you allow a man to drink for that reason?" Johnson replied, "Yes, if he sat next you."

☞ It was the saying of Sir Robert Peel, "I never knew a man to escape failure, in either body or mind, who worked seven days in the week.

> Do ye think of the days that are gone, Jeanie,
> As ye sit by your fire at night?
> Do ye wish that the morn would bring back the time,
> When your heart and your step were so light?
> "I think of the days that are gone, Robin,
> And of all that I joyed in then;
> But the brightest that ever arose on me,
> I have never wished back again."

☞ A very little boy, who at night had been repeating the Lord's prayer, was observed to be in deep thought. After meditating a while he asked—"Mamma, is the 'daily bread' buttered?"

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

The following is an abstract of the recent message of Governor Pollock of Pennsylvania:—

The finances of the State are in a very satisfactory condition, and all demands on the Treasury for the past year have been promptly paid. The Governor says:

"In three years the public debt has been decreased, by actual payment and without resorting to the expedient of temporary loans, one million eight hundred and fifty-seven dollars and fifty-two cents. If to this be added the sum of four hundred and fourteen thousand nine hundred and twenty dollars and twenty-nine cents, ($414,920,29,) now in the sinking fund, and applicable to the payment of the funded debt, the reduction will be two millions two hundred and thirty-one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven dollars and eighty-one cents, ($2,231,777 81.)

"These facts are not only gratifying but encouraging. It has already been stated that there is in the Sinking Fund the sum of seven millions five hundred thousand dollars—bonds of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, bearing interest at the rate of five per centum, per annum, payable semi-annually, and pledged to the payment of the funded debt. If this sum be added to the reduction before stated, we have presented to us a virtual, if not an actual decrease of the State debt, of nine millions seven hundred and thirty-one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven dollars and eighty-one cents, ($9,731,777 81:) showing the total funded and unfunded debt of the State on the first day of December, 1857, to have been thirty-one millions nine hundred and sixty-six thousand eight hundred and eighteen dollars and forty-one cents, ($31,966,818 41.)

"In anticipation of the sale of the Main Line and the decrease of the public debt, the State tax, by an Act of the last regular session, was reduced from three to two and one half mills on the dollar, a reduction equal to one-sixth of the tax imposed for State purposes prior to that Act. These facts speak for themselves. Well may the people be congratulated on such an auspicious beginning in the process of liquidation, and well may they with confidence anticipate the day of their deliverance from State taxation. Financial and commercial embarrassments may postpone—nothing but unwise legislation and the imprudent or dishonest management of our finances, can prevent the early realization of their well founded anticipations."

During the past year the public debt has been reduced $820,887 55. The expenditures for the public works exceeded the revenues $4,107 05.

The sale of the Main Line is spoken of as a subject for congratulation, and the sale of the remaining divisions of the Public Works is recommended.

The Governor also mentions the three mill tonnage tax on the Pennsylvania Central Railway as an impolitic burden, oppressing the commerce of the State, and no longer warranted by the reason for its original imposition, (interference of the railroad with the revenues of the State canal,) and he strongly urges its repeal.

It is stated that the tax of one quarter of one per cent. on the capital stock of the banks accepting the Relief Act has defrayed the whole expenses of the extra session of the Legislature, and left in the treasury a surplus of $35,000.

The Governor's views relative to banks and banking capital, as expressed in previous messages, remain unchanged. He suggests reforms, condemns unlimited credits by corporations and individuals, and declares that a system of free banking, based on undoubted public securities, and coin in such proportion to circulation and deposits as will insure the convertibility of bank notes, is preferable to the present system.

The present low tariff, in connection with the warehousing system of the General Government, is regarded as a principal cause of our depressed industry and financial disasters, and the enactment of a protective revenue law by Congress, is deemed a necessary means of recovery. The Governor says:—

"The abandonment of the protective policy, as embodied in the Tariff Act of 1842, was resisted by Pennsylvania with a unanimity almost unparalleled in her history. Her representatives in both branches of the National Congress strenuously opposed the repeal of that Act. The evils under which we are now suffering were predicted, as a consequence of such repeal. But other counsels prevailed, the Act was repealed, and the industry of the country exposed to a ruinous competition with the cheap labor of foreign nations. The disastrous effects of the repeal, were postponed by the operation of causes well understood by every intelligent citizen. Famine abroad produced an unprecedented demand for our breadstuffs, and the gold of California, although it may have added to the excitement of our progress, and contributed its full share in producing existing financial and commercial embarrassment, in millions, supplied the means of paying the overwhelming balances against us on our foreign importations.

"Under the present system of low duties, the excess of imports over exports has been beyond the most extravagant wants of the country. They have been enormous and ruinous—destructive of domestic industry, and involving the home manufacturer and home laborer in one common ruin. We have imported more than we could pay for, and much more than we needed. Pennsylvania abounds in iron ore. Iron and its manufactures are justly regarded as important elements of her material wealth; and from her abundance, if properly fostered and protected by a wise national policy, could supply the markets of the world: and yet, since the passage of the Act of 1846, we have imported of iron and steel and their manufactures, more than two hundred millions of dollars in value: paid for in gold or our bonds and stocks, now held by foreign capitalists—the interest on which but adds to the burdens imposed upon us by our foreign indebtedness. The same is true of many other important branches of home industry. Many millions in value of cotton and woollen goods have, during the same period, been imported, that should have been made in our own workshops, should have been woven on American, and not on British, French or German looms."

The Governor renews his suggestion in favor of establishing an Agricultural Bureau, in connection with one of the State departments. He says further:—

"'The Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania,' an institution incorporated by the Legislature in 1855, is entitled to the especial attention of the friends of Agriculture. In the teachings of this institution, the scientific and the practical are united; and whilst the art of farming and all that pertains to the management, business and work of a farm, will be the subject of instruction, the natural sciences, in their relation and application to practical agriculture will be taught. The student of the institution will be enabled to test, in his daily occupation, the truth and value of the knowledge communicated.

"Much of the land connected with the school has been successfully cultivated during the past year. Orchards of every variety of fruit and hedges have been planted, and many valuable improvements made. A double storied barn, large and convenient, as also the farmer's house and part of the out-buildings have been erected and occupied.

"From the report of the trustees we learn that a 'contract has been made for the erection of an edifice calculated for the residence of professors, lecture halls and dormitories for students, to be built of stone, four stories high, two hundred and thirty-three feet in front, with wings, and to cost fifty-five thousand dollars. This building is already in progress, and it is hoped that a part of it may be put under roof and be so far completed as to enable the Board to make arrangements to receive a few students before the close of the current year.' The Legislature, at their last session, appropriated fifty thousand dollars to this institution, one-half of which has been paid; the remaining twenty-five thousand dollars to be paid on condition that an equal sum be realized from other sources, within three years from the passage of the act making the appropriation.

"The objects and character of this institution—its relation to agricultural knowledge, and as the pioneer in the great work of agricultural education, commend it to the generous patronage of the Legislature, and to the confidence and liberality of the people of the Commonwealth."

The interests of education are warmly urged on the Legislature, and the institution of county superintendents, and of Normal Schools for the education of teachers, regarded as wise and beneficial measures.

The Governor repeats his protest against "local," "special," and "omnibus legislation," and advises a revision of the militia laws of the State, and the encouragement of the volunteer companies. He also recommends the erection, in the public grounds of the Capitol, of a monument in honor of the citizen soldiers of Pennsylvania who fell in the Mexican war.

Professor Rogers' Geological Report of the State, is said to be rapidly approaching completion. The first volume will be issued in a few days, and the last be delivered before, or immediately after, the adjournment of the Legislature. The execution of the work is warmly praised.

In reference to general politics, the Governor says:—

"In my last annual communication to the General Assembly, my sentiments were fully expressed in reference to reform in the naturalization laws, and the admission of applicants to the right of citizenship—to the preservation of the purity of elections, by the prevention and punishment of fraudulent and illegal voting; and the enactment of a judicious registry law—to freedom as the great centre truth of American republicanism—the great law of American nationality—to the rights of the States, as independent sovereignties, and the power and duty of the General Government to prevent the extension of the institution of slavery to the free territories of the Union—to the wrongs of Kansas, as exhibited in the violation of the doctrine of popular sovereignty, by the General Government, in its attempts, by the military power of the country and otherwise, to defeat the will of the majority in that Territory: wrongs still existing and aggravated by recent outrages on the rights and privileges of that people, and approved by high National Executive authority. To the views then presented, you are respectfully referred."

The erection at Harrisburg of a house for the use of the Chief Magistrate of the State, is recommended; and the present salary is said to be totally inadequate.

The Governor concludes his Message with saying that he will retire from his office more cheerfully than he entered it, and commits his administration to the judgment of impartial history.

From the Jersey (England) Times of Dec. 10.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

The following is an extract from a letter written by M. de Banneroi, a French physician in the service of Mussur Rajah, and published in *Le Pays* (Paris paper) under the date of Calcutta, Oct. 8:—

I give you the following account of the relief of Lucknow, as described by a lady, one of the rescued party: "On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, 'her father should return from the ploughing.' She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and, apparently, breathless, her head resting in my lap. Myself could no longer resist the inclination of sleep, in spite of the continued roar of cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear: my companion stood up beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me toward her, and exclaimed, 'Diana ye hear it' diana ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin', it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved! we're saved!" Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered: my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving: but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, 'Courage! courage: hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a'. Here's help at last!' To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line—'Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are comin'! D'ye hear? d'ye hear!' At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the Sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of 'God save the Queen,' they replied by the well known strain that moves every Scot to tears, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,' &c. After that, nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

CRINOLINE.—Notwithstanding the recently expressed opinion, or rather wish, of the Empress of France, the ladies' dresses are ballooning out to such an enormous size, that they threaten to affect the health, if not the lives of the wearers. At an evening party, last week, at Madame Perpignon's, not less than five fainted, from sheer exhaustion, and Madame B——(well known in the Tuileries) has since proved a martyr to the steel and whalebone infliction. She is at present confined to her bed, her malady puzzling her physicians, but all in the secret affirming that the weight she carried on the night of the ball was too much for her tender frame: hence her bodily prostration. When——when will this absurd fashion become exploded!—*London Court Circuit.*

THE autobiography of Mrs. Norton is preparing for publication. She is actively engaged in arranging the materials.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FINANCIAL IMPROVEMENT—FALL OF INTEREST—RISE OF COTTON, &c.

The Collins steamship Atlantic arrived at New York on the 6th, bringing Liverpool dates to the 23rd.

The report is unfounded that the Atlantic (on her outward trip) had passed the Vanderbilt disabled off Queenstown. Capt. Eldridge says: "Had the Atlantic seen the Vanderbilt in such a state, she would not have left her until she had assisted her safely into harbor. I cannot understand whence the report has arisen, as the Atlantic left the Vanderbilt in New York, not intending to leave for some months."

President Buchanan's Message attracted great attention in England. It was telegraphed entire from Liverpool to some of the London journals, being the longest despatch ever sent by telegraph in England.

The London Times, in its review of the message, confines itself to two topics—the financial crisis and the Central American question. It construes Mr. Buchanan's remarks on the former subject into a tribute to the monetary system of England, and recommends them to the attention of its readers, that they may see how the system of currency, which has been so pertinaciously attacked at home, is viewed by the most enlightened men of another country. On the Central American question The Times says:

"We have much pleasure in receiving the assurance from Mr. Buchanan that the interests of the two countries are identical, being confined to securing a safe transit over all the routes across the Isthmus.

"Let the American government give proof of this, and we are sure that matters will be speedily settled. Common sense must tell the Americans that in these questions we are strictly on the defensive, and the most inveterate declaimer against England cannot deny the conciliatory spirit in which she has treated them. But we can hardly be asked to give up the treaty of 1850, without a guarantee that all its important provisions shall be re-enacted, and the whole series of irritating disputes brought forever to an end."

The London Morning Post lauds the message generally, and says:

"This great State paper, both from the friendly spirit which it breathes to foreign nations, from the determination which it expresses to put down the arch-heresy of Mormonism, and to repress the iniquities of filibuster-ism, is highly creditable to the moderation, judgment, and public spirit of Mr. Buchanan."

The Daily News praises the frankness of the foreign policy of the President, and says that

"In tone and feeling, as regards England, nothing can be more unobjectionable than the language of Mr. Buchanan's message."

It also endorses his views on the commercial crisis, but says that the tone of the message on the affairs of Kansas is in painful contrast with the frank and manly tone of that portion which treats of foreign policy.

The London Times says, it is understood that the East India Company have received formal notice that it is the intention of government to bring in a bill for the abolition of the double government. The Globe ministerial organ says this statement is substantially correct.

Further attempts to launch the Leviathan were postponed until the spring tides at the commencement of January. The hydraulic power was to be more than doubled. The ship remained even and fair on the ways, and at high tide had nearly six feet of water under her.

The report of an intended alliance between the Prince of Orange and the Princess Alice of England, is said to be totally destitute of foundation.

The London Times continues its agitation in favor of importing free laborers in the West India Islands.

The marriage treaty of the Princess Royal of England with the Prince of Prussia had been signed by the Prussian Minister and Lord Clarendon, and also by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

THE CROWN JEWELS.—A long-pending dispute between the King of Hanover and the Queen of England, as to the right of some "Crown Jewels," valued at *over a million sterling*, is said to have been recently settled in favor of the claims of Hanover. The case was decided by a commission of three English judges, appointed by the British Ministry itself. The jewels form no inconsiderable portion of what have been hitherto called the British crown jewels. When the kingdom of Hanover was severed from the united kingdom by the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne, a claim was made by the late King of Hanover, formerly the Duke of Cumberland, to nearly the whole of the jewels usually worn on State occasions by the English sovereign, on the ground that part of them, which had been taken over to England by George I., belonged inalienably to the crown of Hanover; and that the remainder had been purchased by George III. out of his privy purse, and had been left by him and his Queen Charlotte to the royal family of Hanover. The Court of Hanover consequently is in high glee at the prospect of removing the crown and regalia, so jealously guarded in the Tower of London, almost bodily to Hanover.

FINANCIAL.—In London on the 22nd the funds were quite buoyant under the favorable returns of the Bank, and money was easy at 8 per cent. for the best paper in the discount market, and 4 to 6 per cent. on the Stock Exchange. The Bank was daily expected to lower its rate of interest.

At Hamburg, a further recovery of confidence was reported, and the rate of discount for the best paper receded to between 5 and 6 per cent.

A deputation from the governments of Sweden and Norway had arrived in London, with a view of obtaining financial aid to the extent of (it was supposed) £500,000, with which to prevent the permanent break-up of some of the extensive establishments which have lately failed in these countries.

The rebound in Consols from the lowest point in October has been equal to 7½ per cent., and it has been rather more rapid than in 1847.

FRANCE.—The extraordinary French trial of Madame De Jeufosse, two sons and her gamekeeper, for the murder of M. Guillot, had terminated in the acquittal of all the prisoners. M. Guillot had an improper intimacy with Mademoiselle Jeufosse.

Nothing later from India has been received.

An earthquake has occurred in the kingdom of Naples, causing great damage and loss of life. It was severely felt in the towns of Salerno, Potenza, and Nola. Numerous villages are half destroyed, and the Morsecotype says that thousands have perished.

It was stated (but contradicted by the Patrie) that the Emperor, in consequence of representations made by England, had consented to submit the question of the exportation of negroes from Africa to the French Colonies, to a Conference, to be held in London.

It was expected that the Bank of France would lower its rate of discount to 5 per cent. before the end of the year.

SPAIN.—The *Espana* of Madrid denounces with some vehemence the supposed project of the United States against Cuba, and accuses President Buchanan of personally encouraging them. With regard to the proposition of purchasing the Island, which it says the new Minister of the United States, who is about to arrive in Madrid, is expected to make, the *Espana* declares that Spain cannot entertain it without dishonor. That the United States will seize the first opportunity, either "by piratical expeditions or exciting insurrections, or any other mode whatever," of possessing themselves of the Island, the *Espana* does not doubt, and it complains that under such circumstances, the Government displays a great want of caution, and an inexplicable security.

GERMANY.—The intelligence from Germany still represents the financial embarrassments as very great, although it was thought that the crisis was decidedly approaching its termination.

The reduction of the Austrian Army was proceeding with great rapidity.

In view of the fact that it was unlikely that the King of Prussia would be able to resume his governing functions at the expiration of the three months, during which the Prince of Prussia was appointed to the conduct of affairs, the question of how the Government should be carried on was claiming attention. Official communications from Berlin, represent that it had not been decided to create a Regency, and it was supposed that "extraordinary powers" would be conferred on the Prince of Prussia.

RUSSIA.—An imperial decree had been issued, providing for the partial enfranchisement of the serfs. The decree institutes very important changes in the relations between the peasantry and landed proprietors of the country.

SWITZERLAND.—The Swiss Federal Council has officially laid before the authorities of the Canton de Vaud the question of the cession of the Vallee des Dappes to France.

MARKETS.—The sales of Cotton for three days were 23,000 bales, including 10,000 to speculators. All qualities have advanced and are variously reported at ⅛ to ¼d higher. The Cotton market closed firm, with a large speculative inquiry.

The Manchester advices are favorable.

Breadstuffs are quiet. Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., quote flour very dull but steady in price. Wheat is also quiet, but fine qualities are a shade higher. Red is quoted at 6s 2d a 7s 3d; White 6s 10d a 8s. Corn is dull and below sale, but prices are unaltered. Molasses is quoted at 23s 6d a 24s 6d. Provisions are very dull. Rice is quiet. Rosin is dull, at 4s 11d for common.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 23.—Produce Markets—Pot and Pearl Ashes are dull and the sales unimportant.

Provisions.—Beef, Pork and Bacon are quoted as dull. Lard is also dull, and quotations are nominal. Tallow is firm at 52s. Sugar is dull and slow of sale, but prices are unaltered.

LONDON, Dec. 22.—Breadstuffs are dull, and generally unchanged. Sugar is firm, and all qualities have slightly advanced. Tallow is buoyant, at 52s a 52s 6d.

THREE DAYS LATER—ARRIVAL OF THE AFRICA—LUCKNOW RELIEVED.—The Africa, with Liverpool dates to Saturday, the 26th ult., arrived at New York on the 10th.

She brings later dates from India. Lucknow had been relieved after much hard fighting. The insurgents had been defeated at various points.

Sir Colin Campbell was slightly wounded: but would proceed forthwith and subdue the insurgents in Oude. All alarm for the safety of the garrison and outposts had ceased.

The market for American securities is generally unchanged.

The Bank of Prussia has reduced the rate of discount to 6½ per cent.

It is said that the English and French Governments are trying to settle the difficulty between Spain and America in regard to the frigate Ferrolund.

The London Post, taking its key from the President's Message, advocates the construction of a railroad to the Pacific through the British American Provinces.

The returns of the Bank of England for the week ending December 23d, show an increase in bullion of £1,302,426, the amount held being £19,753,281. The increase has been nearly £3,400,000 in three weeks, a rise without precedent.

The crisis continues to be severely felt at Stockholm. The failures amounted to upwards of 30.

On Thursday, the 24th, the Bank of England reduced their rate of discount from 10 to 8 per cent., and, simultaneously with this movement, repayment was made of the two millions of overissue. After the reduction of the rate, there was an active demand for money at the Bank.—In the discount market, choice bills were negotiated at 7⅞ per cent.

The discount houses reduced their allowance to 6½ per cent for money, and the joint stock banks reduced their allowances to 6 per cent.

The Stock market was firm, but unin fluenced by the movement of the bank, as the step had been fully anticipated. Friday and Saturday were entirely given up to the Christmas holidays.

The cotton market had advanced ⅛d early in the week, but closed on Thursday at ⅛ advance, with sales of 8000 bales. There was no market on Friday or Saturday.

Breadstuffs were quiet on Thursday.

HAMBURG, Dec. 23—The aspect of monetary affairs daily brightens.

LATEST HAVRE COTTON MARKET.—HAVRE, Dec. 24.—There is an improved feeling in the Cotton market here, and we note sales of New Orleans *Bas* at 91f; and of *Tres Bas* at 86f.

NEWS FROM THE UTAH EXPEDITION—THE REPORTED BUTCHERY BY THE MORMONS UNTRUE.—*St. Louis, Jan. 8.*—The Republican has just received a letter from Fort Kearney, dated the 23d ult., stating that Colonel Johnson was at Fort Bridger on the 10th of November. Colonel Cook, with his whole command, had also arrived. The grass had been burnt by the Mormons, and the animals with the trains were dying at the rate of one hundred per day.

The Mormons were fortifying all the passes leading to Salt Lake City. Jesse Jones, the agent of Messrs. Majors and Russell, had been released and sent to Colonel Johnson's camp. In passing through the various canons, he was blindfolded, to prevent him from obtaining any knowledge of their movements.

Another letter from Col. Cook's command, while en route for Fort Bridger, makes no mention of being molested by the Mormons. This proves the report received from St. Joseph's to have been entirely false, as was generally supposed.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—From advices received to-day, it appears that the Mormons will not retreat from Utah as was expected by the government, but will fight it out where they are. This insures us a bloody war in the spring. Orders have been given for reinforcing the army in Utah early in the spring. Four regiments will be sent.

GEN. WALKER'S LETTER.—Gen. Walker has published a letter to the President. He protests against the conduct of the naval officers off Punta Arena, as insulting, unlawful, and unjust; denying that he (Walker) had violated any of the laws of the United States, and asserting that he had been invited to Nicaragua by the people of that State; that he had been brought away by United States officers against his will and consent; that his motives and objects have been honorable and unselfish, looking to the extension of American principles over the continent, and the overthrow of a corrupt and rotten aristocracy. He appeals to the President for redress of the wrongs and injuries done to him by the naval officers, and declares his purpose to continue, without deviation or any subsidence of zeal and order, to labor and combat in the cause in which he has already made so many sacrifices.

GOV. WISE.—Gov. Wise, of Virginia, has sent a long letter to the Tammany Society in New York, in which he opposes the Lecompton schedule, thinks the Constitution ought to have been submitted in full to a popular vote in Kansas, but rather favors a policy like that of Mr. Pugh's bill.

THE Free-Love establishment at Ludlow, Mass., which has been in existence for a year or two, has been broken up, and Edward Alvord, chief of the family, sent to the House of Correction as a vagrant. Some of the parties had previously been tarred and feathered.

THE Detroit (Michigan) Tribune says that the insurance companies refuse to pay the $27,000 for which the life of Mr. Holden was insured, who was so mysteriously killed at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in July last. The ball which was taken from his body exactly fits the pistol which was found a short time since in a marsh a short distance from where Mr. Holden's body was discovered. The insurance companies contend that Mr. Holden committed suicide to *benefit his family.*

THE Lower House of the Maryland Legislature has refused, by a vote of 43 to 27, to receive the Annual Message of the Governor, on account of the sentiments contained in that document relative to the Baltimore election. The Message being published in advance, enabled the members to see its contents.

THE official reporters say that much more care in the preparation and delivery of speeches, and a general improvement in the oratory of Congress, is discernable since Mr. Rives adopted the rule of not allowing members to make material alterations in the reports of their speeches before going to press.

PARTIAL ENFRANCHISEMENT OF THE RUSSIAN SERFS.

The following is the basis of the plan, as given in the Imperial Decree, dated 20th November (old style,) or December 2d of our calendar, addressed by Alexander II. to the Military Governor of Vilno and the Governor-General of Grodno and Kovno. It is accompanied by an explanatory letter of instructions from the Minister of the Interior, Lanskoi, and a circular addressed by him to all the civil and military governors, and the marshals of the nobility, throughout all the governments of the Russian Empire, intimating that the same measures may be adopted in the other provinces which have now been definitely applied to the provinces above named.

"1. The proprietor retains his right of property over all his land, but the peasants retain the inclosures belonging to their habitations, which they have the right of acquiring as freehold property by means of a redemption price, payable within a fixed term. They are to have, moreover, the use of such a quantity of land as is necessary, according to the circumstances of the locality, to secure their subsistence, and to give them the means of satisfying their obligations toward the State and toward the proprietor. As a compensation for the use of this land, the peasants are bound either to pay a rent to the proprietor or to work for him.

"2. The private relations of peasants and proprietors between themselves should be regulated in such a manner as to secure the regular discharge of the imposts due to the state, and of the provincial imposts and services.

"The development of these principles, and their application to the local conditions of each of the three Provinces are left to the care of the Provincial Committees. The Minister of the Interior has communicated to you his views upon this subject, and the Committees may refer to them to guide them in their labors.

"When the Committees shall have finished their task, they will have to submit it to the General Commission. The Commission, after having weighed and examined the proposals of the Provincial Committees, and having combined them with the principles indicated above, will have to pass a definitive judgment on the matter, and to draw up the scheme of a general settlement throughout the three Governments, with the exceptions and variations which each of them may require.

"In thus offering to the nobility of Kovno, Vilno and Grodno, the means of realizing their good intentions conformably to the principles which I have indicated, I hope that the nobility will fully justify the confidence which I evince toward them, by calling them to take part in this important work; and that, by the aid of God and the enlightened assistance of the noble proprietors, this work will be crowned with complete success.

"You, and the Provincial Governors placed under your orders, will see that the peasants remain submissive to the proprietors, and that they put no faith in the malevolent insinuations and the erroneous rumors which may arise. I remain, with good wishes toward you.

"ALEXANDER."

In the Ministerial letter of instructions it is stated that the Committee of Revision (which are alluded to in the first paragraph of the Emperor's rescript,) having expressed a desire for the abolition of serfdom, his Majesty has learned with especial satisfaction this noble wish on the part of the representatives of the nobility, and has therefore authorized the preparation of a scheme with that object. The abolition of serfdom, however, is not to be effected at once, but progressively; the peasants are at first to pass through a transition state, being more or less attached to the land, during a term not exceeding twelve years, after which they will definitely become free men, and be authorized to move, on certain conditions, from one district to another. But the proprietor's right to sell or transfer the peasants belonging to his land, to remove them to other districts against their will, or to convert them, under existing laws or customs, into domestic slaves or retainers, is immediately to be abolished. The peasants, under the superintendence of the proprietors, will take part in the communal assemblies and elective tribunals for the administration of justice; but the rural police will remain under the charge of the proprietors.

NEWS ITEMS.

WE notice the death at Gloucester, New Jersey, of Miss Eliza Leslie, the authoress. Miss L. has especially reaped reputation and profit of late years from her works upon Housekeeping and Cookery, but her miscellaneous writings indicate talent of a peculiar order. Her first story was published in 1833, and was entitled "Mrs. Washington Potts." Miss L. had been declining slowly for some months. She died on Friday, Jan. 1st, at the age of 69. She was a sister of Charles Leslie, the eminent English painter.

MALE AND FEMALE LUXURIES.—During the past year the ladies of the United States have spent for silk $28,699,681, for embroideries $1,443,176, for trimmings and laces $1,129,754, for shawls, $9,246,361, for bonnets and hats $2,246,928; while the men have wasted their substance, in brandies and liquors, $3,963,725, in wines $2,381,252, and in cigars and tobacco $5,579,934. Total spent by ladies $30,519,538; by gentlemen $11,924,908.

THE falling off in the receipts of produce from the interior, at all the ports, is very great. According to reliable calculations, including breadstuffs, provisions, cotton, &c., it reaches to the value of nearly $40,000,000.

THE Pennsylvania State Legislature organized by the election of A. B. Longaker, Democrat, as Speaker of the House, and Wm. H. Welsh, Dem., Speaker of the Senate.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—In New York, a note or draft given by parties of undoubted credit, is called "first class paper;" in New Orleans it is known as "fire proof;" and in Boston as "gilt edged paper."

A CONTINENTAL paper says that a curious case is about to be tried by the civil court of Berlin. The barber and upholsterer of a wealthy banker have brought actions against him to obtain damages, for having made them attend on him when he was afflicted with the small-pox, whereby they caught the malady, and were laid up with it for some time.

THE Morning Advertiser states that there is considerable excitement among the upper religious circles in Scotland, in consequence of a "bishop of the Episcopal Church in Scotland having published a charge brimful of undiluted popery." The Bishop of Brechin, Dr. Forbes, it appears, says our authority, "not content with himself holding the doctrine of transubstantiation, broadly and boldly maintains that that doctrine is an essential part of the Scotch Episcopalian faith."

AFTER a long and spirited debate in secret sessions, the United States Senate confirmed the nomination of Theodore Sedgwick as United States District Attorney for New York, in the place of John McKeon, by a vote of 28 to 26.

THE election in the Seventh Congressional District of Massachusetts, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Gov. Banks, resulted in the choice of Daniel W. Gooch, the Republican candidate, by two thousand plurality.

A MARRIED LADY of Dover, Del., met a gentleman from the same place, on the porch of a hotel in Smyrna, a short time since, and cowhided him severely. Provocation—he was lending her husband into intemperate habits.

GOV. BANKS, of Massachusetts, in his inaugural, recommends the suppression of bank notes under five dollars, and after three or four years, the suppression of notes under ten dollars.

THE United States inspectors of steamboats at New York have given George E. Ashby, late chief engineer of the Central America, a certificate exonerating him from all blame in the loss of that steamship. He is, therefore, declared qualified to resume his profession.

A TUNNEL under the Straits of Dover, to connect England and France, has, for some time, been discussed by engineers and capitalists in those countries. The estimated cost is about $34,000,000, and the time necessary for the completion of the work six years.

From the London Times, Dec. 23.

A POLISH COUNT AND AN ENGLISH SPINSTER.

Ladies about to marry distinguished foreigners without too much knowledge of their character and previous history, would do well to read all about the Count de Waszkowski and the Hon. Mary Jones.

The Hon. Miss Mary Jones, a lady 42 years of age, occupied apartments at No. 57 Ebury street, Pimlico. In the same house there resided a noble Pole, who styled himself the Count de Waszkowski, and gave himself out as the son of Prince Wittgenstein. He was 28 years old. This Polish nobleman calls himself a professor of science and languages, but in reality he lives by "taking on with ladies. When he has done with one lady, he takes on with another." The Count is the most terrible *gymnasty* of the day. He was engaged to be married to the plaintiff in "Swynfen vs. Swynfen;" that was broken off. Then he was engaged for four years to a Miss Chadwick, but that engagement also was brought to a premature conclusion by the father upon the occasion of the Count's wishing to borrow £50. Then he proposed for Miss Ramsey, then for her sister, and it would appear for many ladies besides. In fact, the Count got his living by this sort of thing. The manner in which he opened the trenches upon Miss Jones was as follows:

He attacked her maid with bouquets and letters, which were to be delivered to her mistress. Miss Jones resolved, if possible, to put an end to the annoyance—so that point was natutely enough put by her counsel—by seeing the defendant, and remonstrating with him upon his conduct. This was just what Waszkowski wanted: once admitted, he was sure of victory; he had only to come on in the old style, to rave about his misfortunes—his exile—his noble father—his succession of £40,000 a year when that noble father was gathered to his ancestors. Which of the points told most with Miss Jones it is impossible for us to say—£40,000 a year is a good round sum—the lady was 42 years of age, the noble Count but 28—a result followed. The lady who had sought the interview to chide, remained to console the defendant. Waszkowski, the exile, the noble heir to £40,000 per annum, was to find rest upon her bosom against the unkindly shafts of fate.

As soon as the engagement was entered into, or shortly after—it was very strange—the Count's remittances ceased to arrive with their fore-accustomed regularity. His watch and chain disappeared, and in point of fact he was under the necessity of borrowing £100 from Miss Jones. In return for this he gave her his note of hand; but, ignorant as he was of our laws and customs, he drew it upon a penny stamp. When the question of settlements came to be discussed, the lady insisted that all her money should be settled upon herself, to which the defendant objected. His system was, that "where honor and affection subsisted, marriage settlements were not required." To this maxim in her turn the lady objected, and so the marriage was broken off. When the rupture was final and complete, the lady wished that the sum of money which she had lent to the plaintiff should be returned to her; but this he was unable or unwilling to do, and so the action arose. The defendant pleaded a set-off, the particulars of which included some curious items.

In the first place, we find that the Count de Waszkowski was not attired in such a manner as gave satisfaction to the lady. Above all things, on that day which was to be the happiest of their lives she wished him to look well. Accordingly, by her direction, and at her request, he proceeded to Messrs. Nicoll's establishment and provided himself with a nuptial equipment at the cost of £10. Again, and before the transaction connected with the wedding suit, the Count had—equally at the plaintiff's request—provided himself with clothes from Messrs. Davies to the value of £27. Again, there was a charge of £15 10s. for a guitar brought by the Count for Miss Jones, at her request. This guitar, as he himself stated, he had bought in Clerkenwell. "I did away with the guitar. I refuse to say what I have done with it, and I don't mean to tell." This was not enough. A little lower down in the particulars of this set-off there is a charge which is somewhat remarkable: "To amount paid to pawnbroker by defendant at request of plaintiff to redeem a watch and chain, the property of the defendant, £21." The defendant, in fact, up to this point takes the charges for money disbursed upon himself and his pleasures or necessities, and coolly carries them to the plaintiff's account.

Then an item of a diamond ring for himself, £15 15s. follows, and then items of another character. This noble Pole, the son of Prince Wittgenstein, this heir to £40,000 a year, for example, coolly charges Miss Jones with the cost of a wedding-ring bought "at her request," 14s.; with a wedding cake at £2 2s.; with a photograph of his own noble features at 5s. Such were the particulars of the set-off pleaded by this dear chivalrous creature in answer to Miss Jones's demand for a return of her £100. When he was put into the witness-box and examined, it appeared by his own confession, that he made a trade of this kind of pursuit. His own statement was, that in the Swynfen matter he got £300 for the return of the lady's letters. "I have got money from many people; I have had money from a great many ladies," said Waszkowski to the Chief Baron on Monday last." "When I have done with one lady, I take on with another."

Will the people ever take warning by exposures of this description? Is it possible that ladies of a certain position in the world, and who may therefore be supposed to have seen something of its ways, should suffer themselves to become the laughing stocks and dupes of men who were probably cooks or couriers—if anything so honest—in their own countries? It might have been hoped that the increasing habit of foreign travel, would have done something in amendment of this form of folly. A very short run upon the Continent, or a mere smattering sort of acquaintance with Continental life, might teach our English ladies that foreign titles—even when genuine—are a very insufficient proof of respectability. The best advice we can give our fair countrywomen for the future, when they come across one of these interesting refugees, is to keep him at arm's length until they have ascertained from one of his own countrymen of acknowledged respectability, the history of their new friend and his character.

FROM KANSAS.—The reported fight between the U. S. troops and the militia, turns out to be unfounded. Lane had returned from Sugar Mound, the disturbance there being ended, after effecting the liberation of the Free State men who were held prisoners in Fort Scott. At the free soil territorial convention the proposition to vote for State officers under the Lecompton Constitution was rejected. But, forty-five delegates being dissatisfied with this, seceded under the lead of Lieut. Gov. Roberts, Geo. W. Brown, and others, organized a separate convention, and nominated a full ticket for State officers, which is as follows: For Governor, Geo. W. Smith, of Lawrence; Lieut. Governor, Wm. T Roberts, of Wyandott; Secretary of State, P. B. Schuyler, of Burlingame; State Treasurer, Andrew J. Mead, of Manhattan: Auditor of State, Joel K. Goodwin, of Centropolis; for Congress, Marcus J. Parrott. There was also said to be another ticket in circulation, on which Stanton was a candidate for Governor. The estimates of the number of votes polled at the election of December 21, held to adopt the Lecompton Constitution, vary from 3,000 to 7,000. A large majority were for the slavery clause.

THE GOVERNOR'S CABINET.—It is rumored that the Cabinet of Governor Packer, of Pennsylvania, will be composed as follows:

Secretary of State—William H. Heister, of

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

BY H. S. VINADIO.

If a gun be discharged at a distance from us, we all know that we can see the smoke before we hear the report, and are aware, therefore, that sound takes some time in travelling. We believe, however, our seeing to be instantaneous—as practically it is; but it is only so because of the limited power of the eyes. Even to the longest-sighted, a man a mile off is a small object; two or three miles off, he is almost imperceptible, and quite so at eight or ten. We have no sensation, therefore, of the time which light takes in travelling, because our power of seeing is restricted to a distance so small as to make the time occupied in its rapid transit inappreciable. Light travels, in round numbers, 192,000 miles in a second; if, therefore, we were gifted with eyesight to distinguish objects at that distance, we should see any movement among them one second after it occurred. The sun is about 95,000,000 of miles from us, so that with sufficient power of eyesight we should see what was passing on its surface some eight or nine minutes after the incidents happened. Or if we look to those stars which astronomers tell us are so remote that it takes thousands of years for the light they emit to reach our world, we should witness the progress of events which had ceased there thousands of years before.

I had been speculating whether instruments would ever be invented to give us this wondrously increased power of vision, and on the vast addition to our knowledge of the universe we should derive from it, when I fell into what the old writers would call a vision, or a dream. I was walking along a London street, in familiar converse with a friend, when I was struck by his saying, after narrating an incident which had occurred,

"It is not more than two hundred millions of miles off now."

"Not more than what?" I said.

"Not more than two hundred millions of miles off."

Seeing that I still looked bewildered,

"Why, where have you been," he continued, "not to have heard of the new method of reckoning time by distance, which has already with us passed into a habit?"

"Reckon time by distance?" I repeated, dreamily.

"Just so; time since an incident by the distance at which you may see it now."

"I am aware of the power of seeing at any distance," I said, "but I can't understand yet your new method of calculating time."

"Then you don't know of our recently acquired faculty of transferring our consciousness at will to any point, however remote?"

The idea took away my breath; for some time I could not reply. After a while I began,

"Do you really mean to say—"

"My dear fellow," he interrupted, "we have not possessed the power so long that I cannot in some sort appreciate your feelings on hearing of it for the first time. But a practical instance will tell you more than many words of mine.—Come with me into this court of justice—for the certainty with which offences are now detected has not yet convinced all men of the folly of offending—come in with me, and you will soon know all about it."

We entered; the court was as I had seen it before, except that there were no council; there was the judge, the jury, the prosecutor in the witness-box, and the prisoner at the bar—the latter charged with a street robbery. As we went in, the judge was asking the prosecutor *when the alleged robbery took place.*

"It is about one hundred and twenty millions of miles off now," replied the man.

"Are you not aware, sir," said the judge to him, sternly, "that in courts of law we abide by the old formula? Tell me now many days it is since; I can calculate for myself, if needful, the distance in miles."

"It took place this day week," said the man, "in Cheapside."

"At what hour of the day?" inquired the judge.

"About five o'clock in the afternoon."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "you have heard the charge made against the prisoner at the bar, and the time and place in which the offence is said to have been committed. You will now, if you please, project yourselves with me, and so many of those present as choose to accompany us, to the distance the prosecutor, in compassion to our ignorance, was good enough to mention—one hundred and twenty millions of miles; we will then move gently downwards till we see Cheapside at five o'clock in the afternoon, which we shall know by the vehicles being all jammed together, and at a stand-still, just as if every one has the strongest desire to get out of the city quickly."

"What can this mean?" said I to myself.—"However, I should like to go wherever they go."

The wish had scarcely flashed through my mind, when I was in the open air; I could see no one, not even myself, but I had a kind of consciousness that my friend, the judge, and the jury, were all about me. Looking down, I beheld the world lying far beneath, its divisions distinct as one sees them when stooping over a globe. While I was gazing about in astonishment, now at Europe, now at Africa, I was recalled to myself by hearing the judge say,

"Gentlemen, we are too far off: Cheapside is jammed up, it is true, but the horses' heads are all turned city-wards; it is here only about ten o'clock in the morning; we must go a little nearer—about five thousand millions of miles."

I looked again as he was speaking: I found England, London, Cheapside, the bustle in which latter I could see as plainly as if looking from an upper window of a house in the street.

Without a sensation of motion we had evidently changed our position; the horses' heads were now turned from the city; and soon we saw the prosecutor come out of his shop-door, buttoning up his great-coat.

"You see the prosecutor, gentlemen?" said the judge.

"Yes," in one voice replied the twelve jurymen.

The prosecutor was evidently in a hurry; he had left his warehouse without staying to fasten his coat and without putting on his gloves. When he had buttoned his great-coat, he took his gloves out of his pocket, and in so doing pulled out part of his pocket-handkerchief. He walked rapidly along Cheapside, and just as he was crossing Queen street the prisoner made his appearance.

"You see the prisoner, gentlemen?" said the judge.

"Yes," in one voice replied the twelve jurymen.

"Watch carefully what takes place," said the judge.

I saw the prisoner sidle up to the prosecutor; for some little time he walked close behind him. At last, as the prosecutor was stayed a moment by the crowd at a crossing, the prisoner took hold of the handkerchief and drew it out of the pocket, in doing which he drew out also a pocket-book, which I distinctly saw fall on the pavement; the prisoner stooped down, picked up the pocket-book, and made off with both it and the handkerchief.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, "you have witnessed the transaction; you have seen both handkerchief and pocket-book stolen?"

Eleven of the jury assented, but the twelfth said:

"I saw him take the handkerchief; but I did not see the pocket-book."

"How very provoking!" said the judge.

"How stupid!" said the eleven jurymen.

"We must, if you please, rise sixty millions of miles and witness the transaction again," said the judge; "and pray, sir, look attentively this time when the handkerchief is pulled out of the pocket."

Another conscious change of position, and in a minute we again saw the prosecutor issue from his shop, buttoning up his coat, and take out his gloves; again the prisoner appeared, followed him, drew out the handkerchief and pocket-book, picked up the latter, and made off.

"I saw the pocket-book stolen this time," said the unfortunate juryman.

"In that case," said the judge, "we may resume our places in court."

In a sensation we were there, as quiet and unruffled as though no one had moved.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, my lord," in one voice, said the twelve jurymen.

"Prisoner," said the judge *rising*, "we have all seen you commit the robbery with which you stand charged. The sentence of the court upon you is, that you be imprisoned for twelve months with hard labor. The proceeds of your work will be appropriated, first in recompensing the prosecutor for his loss by your act, and for his time occupied in this trial; then in payment of the cost of your food and of keeping you in safe custody; and if aught should remain after these claims are satisfied, it will be given to you on your liberation. I trust that during this time of enforced abstinence from evil habits, and separation from evil companions, you will seriously resolve to lead an honest life in future; and that you will always bear in mind, and, when the term of your imprisonment arrives, will tell your late associates, that, by the new powers which science has conferred upon men, the chance of escape for a captured criminal is gone; the judge and jury who try him are now able with their own eyes to see the offence committed."

We left the court.

"But how could it be," said I to my friend, "that we saw the same thing twice over?"

"How!" said he; "do think how it was we saw it once."

"By being in a position," said I *slowly*, and thinking over each word, "to which the light in its passage was just arriving."

"Exactly," said my friend; "your description is true of all seeing: we see a thing when the light in which it is done reaches our eyes—*there is nothing new in this.* You can see it a third time, or a thousandth, if you wish; it is but the willing to be certain millions of miles off. That which has been, is always; it is only a question of where we must be to see it."

SOMETHING FOR THE ORIGINAL-ITES.—The "minute critics" who are always on detective duty for plagiarisms, and who continually follow on the track of Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, and "other plagiarists," will do well to pause, and nose out the lesson conveyed in the following extract from Mr. Bayle St. John's Biography of the grand old French essayist, Michael de Montaigne. "See," says the biographer:—

"See how surely Montaigne proceeds when he undertakes to develope some moral idea! He knows who have said the best things on the subject. He turns to their pages, reads them over and over again, and, perfectly certain that his mind is not enslaved by theirs, makes use of their knowledge as they had made use of the knowledge of their predecessors; gives, perhaps, a touch here, and adds a tint there, and sometimes, having done no more than this, appeals to the judgment of the judicious whether he has not worked well; and cares nothing for the minute critic who follows him with a cry of 'Stop thief!'"

He made no secret of this; he did not pretend to be inflexibly original, and then denounce all the rest of mankind as snobs and humbugs. He did not steal; he picked up, polished, and improved. He did not even pretend to be more virtuous than he was, nor wish to God that judges upon the bench were as honest as he!

WE REAR NO WAR-DEFYING FLAG.

(This piece is from the Poetical Works of Robert Story, a volume written throughout a course of more than thirty years, yet, from first to last, exhibiting a curious equality in tone and merit. The most spirited are the political poems, which, being of a high conservative tendency, are remarkable as the productions of a peasant at a time of great popular discontent.)

We rear no war-defying flag,
Though armed for battle still;
The feeble, if he like, may brag—
The powerful never will.
The flag we rear to every breeze,
Float where it may, or when,
Waves forth a signal o'er the seas
Of "Peace, good-will to men!"

For arms, we waft across the waves
The fruits of every clime;
For death, the truth that cheers and saves
What mission more sublime!
For flames, we send the lights afar
Outflashed from pen and pen;
And for the slogans used in war
Cry—"Peace, good-will to men!"

But, are there states who never cease
To hate or envy ours?
And who esteem our wish for peace
As proof of waning powers?
Let them but dare the trial! High
Shall wave our war-flag then,
And woe to those who change our cry
Of "Peace, good-will to men!"

THE LOGAN GRAZIER.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

At dawn to where the herbage grows
Up yonder hill the grazier goes.

Obedient to his every word,
Before him stalk the lowing herd.

Reluctant in the misty morn,
With stamping hoof and tossing horn,

With lengthened low and angry moan,
Go black and dappled, red and roan.

Through drain and hollow, up the hill
They pass, obedient to his will.

The slender ox and mighty bull,
The grazier thinks them beautiful.

You see less beauty in the herd
Than in yon orange-tinted bird;

You fix your better pleased gaze
On yon broad sweep of emerald maize;

You maples on the hill-side high,
Above the field of waving rye;

More pleased with maize, or bird, or trees—
The grazier's sight is not on these.

He sees a netted purse of gold
In every bellowing three-year-old.

He sees new comforts round his home,
When buyers down from Tarewell come.

He sees his cabin nigh "the Crick,"
Its mud-daubed chimney turned to brick,

Its rude logs hid by clapboards saved;
Split shingles on its roof so broad;

New planks upon the worn-out floor,
A puncheon fence before the door,

White cups of tin and plates of delf
And pewter spoons adorn the shelf.

Close where the rifle hangs on hooks,
On cupboard top are rows of books—

The Pilgrim of the dreaming John,
And Weems's Life of Marion;

The well thumbed speeches of Calhoun,
The pictured life of Daniel Boone;

D'Aubigne's story told so well,
How Luther fought and Cranmer fell.

To please his wife a yellow gown,
And beads to deck his daughters brown,

A jack-knife for his youngest son,
A rifle for his eldest one.

All these to him the cattle low,
As up the hill they slowly go.

He fears no ravage of disease,
Among brutes so strong and fat as these.

There's salt enough for them in store,
Brought from Kanawha's muddy shore.

The herbage on the hill is good,
The fern is thick within the wood.

There's tender grass in yonder drain,
And pea-vine on the summit plain.

High thoughts of gain that moment thrills
The herdsman of the Logan hills.

He envies not the hero bold,
He cares not who may office hold.

The Statesman's pride, the stout man's limb,
The lover's hopes are nought to him.

His mind three things alone receives—
His wife, his children, and his beeves.

So these may flourish and be fair,
All else around is smoke and air.

Oh, Logan grazier, stout and strong,
Despising fraud, defying wrong,

Brave as thine ancestors who bore,
The scars of combat long and sore,

And fearless met in battle shock,
The wild and painted Shawanock;

True as the rifle in thy hand,
And generous as thy fertile land—

Full oft I've eaten by thy side
Thy cakes of corn and venison fried;

Oft in thy cabin as thy guest
Have stretched my wearied limbs to rest.

I love to note thy honest brow,
Staunch friend and true companion thou;

And know no manlier form is seen
Than dwells within thy coat of jean.

Truth fills those eyes so keenly set
Beneath thy fox-skin cap, and yet

I would not that thy lot was mine,
I would not that my lot was thine.

Guard thou thy beeves and count thy gold,
Be glad when those great herds are sold.

For me, by midnight lamp, I pore
My manuscript in silence o'er.

Each to the path that suits his feet;
Each toil, for time is moving fleet.

And soon in chilly shrouds arrayed,
Both in our narrow coffins laid,

It matters not if cattle fair,
Or making songs has been our care.

The poet and the herdsman's form
Shall feed alike the greedy worm;

Shall pass the poet's glowing words,
Shall pass the herdsman's lowing herds;

And from men's memory fade away
Both herdsman's shout and poet's lay.

THE ENGLISH PURITANS.—It is a problem in history, how the English people, so sturdy and stout-hearted in the main, could be so tame and flexible, in matters of religion, under Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Mary, and Elizabeth. They seem to have received, almost as unresistingly as the coin, the image and superscription of the King. The causes of this yieldingness are to be found in the averseness to civil broils to which the nation had been brought by the recent bloody and exhausting wars of the Roses; in the formidable power of the Tudor sovereigns; in the insular position of England, and her distance from Rome, which checked the domination of the Papacy; in the ignorance of the people; in the ravenousness of the nobles for the property of the church in the first instance, and afterwards in their greediness for court favor. This strange pliancy is a stain on the annals of the country. It was in the Puritans that the old national sturdiness revived, that England became herself again. These men were rude in aspect and forbidding in manners: but, with all their sternness, narrowness, frowning theology, and high religious pretensions, they were the master spirits of their times. To their descendants it is delightful to think of the service they rendered to the civil and religious liberties of England and the world, and to recall their deep, vital piety—a gem most rudely set, but too precious to be overvalued.—*Channing.*

ANECDOTES OF AARON BURR.

FROM "PARTON'S LIFE OF BURR."

BURR'S GENEROSITY.—Burr is said to have been by Mr. Parton, (in his recent biography) one of the most generous of men, and extremely fond of educating young people. He gives a curious story in illustration:

"He was riding along in a curricle and pair, one day, during his senatorial term, when one of his horses lost a shoe; and he stopped at the next blacksmith's to have it replaced. It was a lonely country place, not far from Kingston, in Ulster county, New York. He strolled about while the blacksmith was at work, and, returning, saw upon the side of a stable near by a charcoal drawing of his own curricle and horses. The picture, which must have been executed in a very few minutes, was wonderfully accurate and spirited, and he stood admiring it for some time. Turning round, he noticed a boy a little way off, dressed in coarse homespun.

"'Who did that?' inquired Burr, pointing to the picture.

"'I did it,' said the boy.

"The astonished traveller entered into conversation with the lad, found him intelligent, though ignorant, learned that he was born in the neighborhood, and had no instruction in drawing, and was engaged to work for the blacksmith six months. Burr wrote a few words on a piece of paper, and said, as he wrote:

"'My boy, you are too smart a fellow to stay here all your life. If ever you should want to change your employment and see the world, just put a clean shirt into your pocket, go to New York, and go straight to that address,' handing the boy the paper.

"He then mounted his curricle and was out of sight in a moment. Several months passed away, and the circumstance had nearly faded from the busy senator's recollection. As he was sitting at breakfast one morning, at Richmond Hill, a servant put into his hand a small paper parcel, saying that it was brought by a boy who was waiting outside.

"Burr opened the parcel, and found a coarse, country-made *clean shirt.* Supposing it to be a mistake, he *ordered* the boy to be shown in. Who should enter but the Genius of the Roadside, who placed in Burr's hand the identical piece of paper he had given him. The lad was warmly welcomed. Burr took him into his family, educated him, and procured him instruction in the art which nature had indicated should be the occupation of his life-time. Afterward, Burr assisted him to Europe, where he spent five years in the study of painting, and became an artist worthy of the name.

"While Burr himself was wandering in Europe, Vanderlyn was exhibiting pictures in the Louvre, at Paris, and receiving from Napoleon a gold medal, besides compliments and felicitations from the emperor's own lips. Vanderlyn did all he could for his benefactor in Paris; but unhappily he had the successful artist's usual fortune—poverty embittered by glory. He afterward had commissions from Congress, and painted the well-known 'Landing of Columbus' for a panel in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. He also painted the portraits of Colonel Burr and Theodosia from which the engravings were taken by which their lineaments are now known to the public. Vanderlyn died only five years ago at Kingston, near the spot where he drew the charcoal sketch which decided his career."

THE DUEL BETWEEN BURR AND HAMILTON. —BURR'S FEELINGS TOWARDS HAMILTON.—The duel between Burr and Hamilton was fought at seven o'clock in the morning, and, immediately afterward, Burr returned to his own house on Richmond Hill (now corner of Varick and Charlton streets, New York). "On the morning of the duel it chanced that one of Burr's cousins arrived in town from Connecticut, and made his way, about eight o'clock, to Richmond Hill. Alexis, the factotum of the establishment, obeyed his summons at the door, and showed him into the library, where he found Colonel Burr, alone, and engaged in his usual avocations. Burr received his young relative cordially, and, in every respect, as usual. Neither in his manner nor in his conversation was there any evidence of excitement or concern, nor anything whatever to attract the notice of his guest. Except the master of the house, not a soul in Richmond Hill yet knew aught of that morning's work; nor, indeed, could it be said, in any sense of the word, that the master himself *knew* what he had done.

"In a few minutes breakfast was announced, and the two gentlemen went to the dining-room and breakfasted together. The conversation was still quite in the ordinary strain, Burr inquiring after friends in the country, and the youth giving the information sought. After breakfast, the guest bade his host good-morning, and strolled off toward the city, which he reached about ten o'clock. As he walked down Broadway, he fancied he observed in passers-by the signs that something extraordinary had occurred or was expected. Near Wall Street, an acquaintance rushed up to him, breathless, and said,

"'Colonel Burr has killed General Hamilton in a duel this morning.'

"'Why, no he hasn't,' replied the young gentleman, with the utmost positiveness, 'I have just come from there and taken breakfast with him.'

"'But,' replied the other, 'I have this moment seen the news on the bulletin.'

"The cousin reflected for a moment on the absolute serenity of Burr's manner, and concluding that he would certainly have mentioned so interesting an occurrence if it had taken place, was still utterly incredulous, and, denouncing the report as false, went on his way. Before turning into Wall Street, he found the whole city astir, and soon had reason to suspect that the bulletin was only too true. So completely could Burr command his features and conceal his feelings.'

"To a late period of his life, Burr justified his conduct with regard to this duel. Once, it appears and only once, he revisited the ground at Weehawken, where it was fought. The scene was 'remarkable' indeed, as Mr. Parton observes:

"'There was one remarkable occasion on which Burr spoke of the duel seriously and eloquently. It was when, for the only time in his life, he revisited the ground where it was fought. He went there to oblige a young friend, who wished to see a spot so famous. Leaving their boat at the foot of the heights of Weehawken, just where Burr had left his boat on that fatal morning a quarter of a century before, they climbed over the same rocks, and soon reached the ground. Except that the rocks were covered with names, and that the ground was more overgrown with trees, the place had not changed in all those years: nor has it yet. It had changed owners, however, and belonged to a son of Rufus King, Burr's colleague in the Senate, and Hamilton's friend and ally. In the boat, Burr had been somewhat thoughtful and silent, but seemed to enjoy the bright day and pleasant shores, as he always enjoyed bright and pleasant things. On reaching the scene, he placed his companion on the spot where Hamilton had stood, and went to the place where he had stood himself, and proceeded to narrate the incidents of the occasion.

"'The conversation turned to the causes of the duel. As he talked, the old fire seemed to be rekindled within him; his eye blazed; his voice rose. He recounted the long catalogue of wrongs he had received from Hamilton, and told how he had forborne and forborne, and forgiven and forgiven, and even stooped to remonstrate—until he had no choice except to slink out of sight, a wretch degraded and despised, or meet the calumniator on the field and silence him. He dwelt much on the meanness of Hamilton. He charged him with being malevolent and cowardly—a man who would slander a rival, and not stand to it unless he was cornered. 'When he stood up to fire,' said Burr, 'he caught my eye, and quailed under it; he looked like a convicted felon.' It was not true, he continued, that Hamilton did not fire at him; Hamilton fired *first;* he heard the ball whistle among the branches, and saw the severed twig above his head. He spoke of what Hamilton wrote on the evening before the duel with infinite contempt. 'It reads,' said he, 'like the confessions of a penitent monk.' These isolated expressions, my informant says, convey no idea whatever of the fiery impressiveness with which he spoke. He justified all he had done; nay, applauded it.

"He was moved to the depths of his soul: the pent up feelings of twenty-five years burst into speech. His companion, who had known him intimately many years, and had never seen him roused before, was almost awe-struck at this strange outburst of emotion, and the startling force of many of his expressions. He remembers wondering that he should ever have thought Burr small of stature, for, during this scene, the loftiness of his demeanor was such, that his very form seemed to rise and expand. It was long before he regained his usual composure. All the way home he still spoke of the olden time, and seemed to renew his youth, and live over again his former life."

THE BLOOD OF ALL THE MONTROSES.—A scene occurred in the dining-room of the house while he lay helpless, which may as well be related here. A gentleman called to engage board, found suitable rooms, and said he would call in the afternoon to say whether he would take them. He came to dinner. Addressing himself in an embarrassed, hesitating manner to the landlady, he said he had just heard of a circumstance which would deprive him of the pleasure he had anticipated in residing under her roof. He understood that Aaron Burr was a boarder in the house, and he really could not live in the same house with a man of that character.

The blood of the Montroses was up in a moment. She rose from her chair, and said, with flashing eye, and subdued intensity of tone:

"You have been misinformed, sir. Col. Burr is not a boarder in this house. He is my guest, sir, my honored guest! Before any boarder in this house is served, Colonel Burr is served."

Then, turning to a servant, who was waiting *at the table, she said, in the manner of Napoleon* ordering a column to the attack:

"Patrick, take away that person's plate, and open the door!"

Patrick obeyed, and the "person" retired without venturing any further observations.

This brave lady could not, of course, escape sharing, to some extent, the odium that surrounded the name of the man whose last days her wit and kindness cheered.

"What do you think I have heard this morning, Colonel?" said she to him on one occasion. "They say I'm your daughter."

"Well," said he, "we don't care for that, do we?"

"Not a bit!" was her reply. "But they say something else, Colonel," she continued; "they say I am your mistress."

"Do they?" said he; "I don't think we care much for that either, do we?"

"They may say what they choose," replied the gallant soldier's daughter!

"But," said he, taking her hand in both his, and lifting it to his lips, his hands shaking with paralysis, "I'll tell you something they *might* say that would be true! Let them say this of you: *She gave the old man a home when nobody else would!*"

He uttered these words with an emphasis so tender and penetrating, that two of his relatives who were present, one a member of the bar, and the other a judge, could not refrain from tears.

SLANDER SLAYS MORE THAN THE SWORD.—One day in his office, a gentleman talked in the usual half-true manner of the evils of war. Burr remarked:

"Slander has slain more than the sword."

To a friend who censured him for allowing so many hundreds of injurious paragraphs to circulate without contradiction, he replied that he had formerly supposed that his character was strong enough to bear such petty assaults, and he had felt himself safe in treating them with contempt. "But," he added, "I fear that I have committed a great error; the men who knew their falsity are mostly dead, and the generation who now read them may take them for truths, being uncontradicted. I admit I have committed a capital error, but it is too late to repair it."

DIAMONDS.—At the present day, diamonds are cut in only two modes—into a rose diamond and a brilliant. The rose diamond is flat beneath, like all weak stones, while the upper face rises into a dome, and is cut into facets. Most usually, six facets are put on the central region, which are in the form of triangles, and unite at their summits. The brilliants have the finest effect, but require the sacrifice of a larger portion of the gem, so that the weight of an ordinary polished diamond often does not exceed half that of the rough gem. It is a singular fact that the diamond always occurs in a detached state in alluvial soil. The primitive crystalline form of the substance is a regular octahedron, of which there are numerous modifications. They are found of all colors; those which are colorless, or which have some very decided tint, are most esteemed, though the latter are quite rare. Those which are slightly discolored are the least valuable. When burned in air or oxygen, it is found that nothing but carbonic acid is formed; and hence it is proved that the diamond is charcoal or carbon in a pure and crystalline form.

MY SISTER'S SLEEP.

From an English periodical called "The Germ," which lived only a few weeks, but counted among its contributors an extraordinary amount of real genius. This beautiful poem appeared anonymously.

She fell asleep on Christmas Eve.
Upon her eyes meet patient calms.
The lids were shut; her uplaid arms
Covered her bosom, I believe.

Our mother, who had leaned all day
Over the bed from chime to chime,
Then raised herself for the first time,
And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little work-table was spread
With work to finish. For the glare
Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed.

Without there was a good moon up,
Which left its shadows far within;
The depth of light that it was in
Seemed hollow, like an altar-cup.

Through the small room, with subtle sound
Of flame, by vents the fire-line drove
And redden'd. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and blank;
Like a sharp strengthening wine, it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

Silence was speaking at my side
With an exceedingly clear voice;
I knew the calm as of a choice
Made in God for me to abide.

I said, "Full knowledge does not grieve;
This which upon my spirit dwells
Perhaps would have been sorrow else;
But I am glad 'tis Christmas Eve."

Twelve struck. That sound, which all the years
Hear in each hour, crept off; and then
The rumbled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat.
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled; no other noise than that.

"Glory unto the Newly-Born!"
So, as said angels, she did say;
Because we were in Christmas-day,
Though it would still be long till dawn.

She stood a moment with her hands
Kept in each other, praying much;
A moment that the soul may touch,
But the heart only understands.

Almost unwittingly, my mind
Repeated her words after her;
Perhaps though my lips did not stir;
It was scarce thought, or cause assigned.

Just then in a room over us,
There was a pushing back of chairs,
As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

Anxious, with softly stepping haste,
Our mother went where Margaret lay,
Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they
Have broken her long-watch'd for rest!

She stooped an instant, calm, and turned;
But suddenly turned back again;
And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,
And held my breath, and spoke no word;
There was none spoken; but I heard
The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept.
And both my arms fell, and I said:
"God knows I knew that she was dead."
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn,
A little after twelve o'clock,
We said, ere the first quarter struck,
"Christ's blessing on the newly born!"

WEBSTER'S GREATNESS.—Webster showed his power by the grand simplicity to which he reduced his speeches; the false ornament, the popular but fallacious reasonings of the day, the rhodomontade of American exaggeration—the absence of all this, the simplicity of his greatness, tests his greatness. But this very superiority of his mind, often belittled his oratoric effect. For clearness and simplicity are never so taking as a glittering confusion of ideas—"the gay deliriums of thought." When he had laid out in a speech the fixed proportions of some subject, which he had established by deep ex-cogitation, and upon which nobody else had gained accurate and defined views, it all seemed so obvious that nobody wondered or admired. But the men, who perhaps for years had sputtered "about it and about it," and thrown off trivial though sparkling generalities, alone perceived thoroughly the immense force which must have wrestled with the difficulties which had so utterly baffled them. In truth, to appreciate Webster's mind, requires some self-discipline and much mental experience. As the summit peak of a chain cannot be seen by climbing the lower spurs and hills, so one must climb himself, to see the dimensions and the grandeur of this elevated intellectuality. The admirable arrangement, the precision of thought, and the absolute truth, to which his thinking conducted him in his speeches, were all decisive indications of his supremacy of intellect. But, to the unthinking auditor, the general play of his power was not so impressive, as the galvanic struggles of a shallow yet vivid mind. The greatest forces of the earth all act noiselessly but irresistibly. Nightly the scenery of the sky is shifted by celestial hands, and daily the great globe of sunlight wheels round its gorgeous circuits, without jar or noise. So with the highest operations of the greatest minds. Their play and performance are in forms and shapes which, unless they are carefully studied, do not fascinate or amaze the beholder. There is some danger then that the capacity and sheer power of mind, which stand revealed in Webster's speeches may not challenge as they ought, the most intelligent and universal recognition of men.—*The Golden Age of American Oratory.*

WALKING INDICATIVE OF CHARACTER?—Fowler says:—"A short and quick step indicates a brisk and active, but rather contracted mind, whereas those who take long steps generally have long heads. Those who shuffle or draw their heels, drag and drawl in everything; while those who walk a springing, bounding step, abound in a mental snap and spring. Those whose walk is mincing, affected and artificial, rarely, if ever, accomplish much: whereas those who walk carelessly, that is, naturally, are just what they appear to be, and put on nothing for outside show. Those who in walking, roll from side to side, lack directness of character, and side every way according to circumstances. In short, every individual has his own peculiar mode of moving, which exactly accords with his mental character: so that, so far as you can see such modes, you can decipher such orders of character.

Original Novelet.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance OF FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FALL OF THE CHATEAU.

James d'Armagnac, on leaving the monk and Angela, returned with hasty steps to the postern gate, whereat stood a sentinel on whose armor the white badge of Armagnac was conspicuously displayed. He spoke to this follower in a subdued tone, and then, passing into the great court-yard, called to him a knight decked like the sentinel with the scarf of his house. Exchanging a few words with this gentleman, the Count retraced his steps and regained the exterior of the narrow gate, just as Antoine Lannois, accompanied by the stranger horseman, presented himself for admittance.—James d'Armagnac carelessly returned the low obeisance which the archer made on beholding him, and stalked slowly forward as if about to resume his walk beyond the barriers. He had not proceeded many paces, however, before he heard the challenge of his trusty sentinel:

"Who comes to the postern?"

"It is Antoine Lannois! open!" was the archer's response.

"There is a stranger with Antoine Lannois!" rejoined the guard, "and I have no power to admit him."

"He brings tidings from the enemy's camp—of great moment to our lord," replied the archer.

James d'Armagnac turned suddenly in his walk, and advanced toward the gate before which sat Antoine Lannois and the stranger, upon steeds that had evidently travelled long and wearily that day.

"Thou art Antoine Lannois, the trusty messenger of my good lord De Varens! I will answer for thy companion here, if, as thou sayst, he is from the French camp, with tidings!—What, ho! open the postern!" he cried aloud, and as he spoke the gate rolled back, and Antoine Lannois, followed by his companion, was permitted to ride into the court-yard, whither James d'Armagnac immediately followed.

"Now, Antoine Lannois!" cried the Count, "haste thee away to the lord De Varens, while we detain this stranger messenger here, lest he may intend harm to our host."

The archer, surprised at this command, looked around him, and saw that the entire space near the postern entrance was filled by knights and men-at-arms, wearing the scarfs of Armagnac and Burgundy crossed over their armor. At the same time, he saw several guards close about the horseman who had entered with him, separating them completely.

"Noble Count d'Armagnac!" he exclaimed, "this man hath messages for my lord—I pray you permit him to pass in with me."

"Go thou first, Antoine Lannois!" answered the Armagnac chief; "and say to my lord De Varens that we have this varlet in custody at his disposal."

The archer bowed his head, and galloped across the space which intervened between the postern gate and the northern tower of the castle, wherein were his master's quarters. Here dismounting, he cast a look backward in which alarm and anger were mingled, and then hastened to seek De Varens. But no sooner had he disappeared, than a dozen strong hands were laid upon the remaining horseman, holding him firmly in his saddle, whilst James d'Armagnac said, briefly—

"Deliver up whatsoever thou hast in message for the lord of this castle, and no harm shall betide thee!"

"I will give up nought, save into the hands of Sir Godfrey de Varens, wheresoever he be!"

"From whom comest thou?"

"I have nought to utter, save to Sir Godfrey de Varens!" replied the man.

"Have a care! it is vain for thee to resist us! If thou hast papers, deliver them peaceably—or thy life may be the forfeit. Wilt obey, sirrah?"

"I have answered!"

"Unhorse him, instantly!" cried James d'Armagnac, and at once the stalwart hands that had grasped the messenger bore him heavily from his saddle to the ground. It was only for an instant, however, that the man seemed overpowered; for, as the soldiers, releasing their hold of his arms, essayed to unclasp his hauberk, in order to search for whatsoever missive might be concealed beneath, he gained his feet by a powerful effort, and extending his right hand clutched a ponderous mace that hung at his saddle bow. The next instant this heavy weapon was whirled rapidly about his head, and descending struck a brace of sentinels prone to the ground. Then, bounding forward through the line of his opponents, who fell back suddenly before his raised mace, the daring stranger rushed across the court-yard in the direction of the tower wherein he had just beheld the archer Antoine enter.

The action was so sudden and energetic that it deserved, though it was not destined to be successful; for, as the messenger's foot passed the threshold of the tower entrance, a dozen of the Armagnac men-at-arms precipitated themselves at once upon him, and dragged him backward to the court-yard, just as Godfrey de Varens, followed by Antoine Lannois, presented himself at the door which he had sought to reach.

"How! my lord duke! what means this violence to my messenger?" cried De Varens in a loud voice, as he beheld the mace-bearer struggling in the group of his captors.

But the Duke de Nemours replied not; for his eye was hastily perusing the contents of a packet which one of his knights had plucked from the messenger's bosom, breaking the seal that it bore with as little hesitation as if his lord, James d'Armagnac, were in his own feudal castle.

"Is not that letter for me, sir Count?" continued De Varens, in a louder tone, while his forehead grew dark and his glance rested malevolently on his guest.

"Ay, and for *me!*" returned the Duke de Nemours, as, concluding his rapid scrutiny of the missive, he returned the look of De Varens with a look as determined as his own. "It is from my royal friend, King Louis, who desires my presence at the camp of Chabannes, in thy good company, Sir Godfrey."

So saying, the Duke de Nemours flung the paper to the ground, and drawing his sword, called out with a loud voice as he brandished it aloft—

"St. James for D'Armagnac!"

And at this, the rallying-cry of his family, a pursuivant who stood near him, placed his trumpet to his lips and blew a sonorous blast which resounded throughout the castle-yard and was *echoed by the turrets and the rocks without.*

"St. James for D'Armagnac!" responded the wearers of the white scarf, as they appeared running from all directions with weapons in their grasp, summoned by the well-known battle-cry of their chief.

Sir Godfrey de Varens, on his part, alarmed as well as amazed at the sudden revelation of his treachery which had been made to the Duke de Nemours by the discovery of the King's letter, retreated at once with his followers into the tower from which he had just emerged, and barring its massy gate, prepared to defend it against his justly angered guest. Meantime, James d'Armagnac bade his retainers release the messenger, who, since his overthrow, had been held down upon the ground.

"What is thy name, sirrah?" he demanded, as the mace-bearer staggered to his feet, his forehead bleeding from a wound received in the brief contest. "Thou seest 'tis vain to resist; and I would fain permit thee, for thy bravery, to go unharmed."

"I am called Merindat!" answered the messenger, wiping away the blood that trickled from his brows with the palm of his broad hand.

"And thou comest from our kind King Louis?"

"I deny it not," returned the man.

"Then, good Merindat, thou shalt go back to this gentle King, and say that James d'Armagnac will right gladly welcome him, if he shall come to Chateau Varens; but that we cannot yet visit our dear cousin at Loches. Dost comprehend me, sirrah?"

"I hear, my lord!"

"And tell the General Chabannes, that while one stone covers another, James d'Armagnac will hold this mountain keep against him. Say, too, what thou hast seen: that the Duke de Nemours, and not Godfrey de Varens, is master here!"

Count James d'Armagnac waved his hand in signal that the messenger should be dismissed, half turning as he did so toward the tower into which his false host De Varens had retreated. At this instant the sharp twang of a bow-string was heard, and an arrow descended from above, whizzing as it flew, and buried its barb in the breast of De Nemours, beneath his raised arm. The knights and soldiers around uttered a wild shout, as they looked upward and beheld the scowling features of Antoine Lannois peering stealthily from an embrasure of the lofty turret.

"I fear I am sped!" said d'Armagnac, as with a strong effort he drew the shaft from his bosom, and staggered back, upheld by two of his knights, whilst a stream of blood gushed from the wound over the white baldrick that depended from his shoulders. "But I have those here who will avenge this foul treachery."

"St. James for Armagnac! and death to De Varens!" were now the cries that rose from a hundred throats, as the followers of De Nemours grasped their weapons, and prepared for instant attack upon the tower wherein Sir Godfrey had taken refuge. Meantime their lord was assisted into the eastern bastion, which commanded the mountain defile, and to the left of which opened the great gate of the chateau into a court-yard flanked by strong abutments of the two towers. Here his hurt, which, though severe was soon ascertained to be not mortal, was dressed by a leech, and tight bandages applied to staunch the freely-flowing blood; after which, reclining impatiently upon a couch, the incensed chief gave orders for the movements of his retainers.

During the interval of confusion that followed the treacherous attempt of Antoine Lannois upon the life of De Nemours, the messenger Merindat, resented upon his horse, awaited the opening of the postern-gate to allow him egress from the castle. But the men of Armagnac, absorbed in their lord's peril, gave little heed to the stranger until the Count had been bestowed elsewhere; when, with many rude exclamations, they unclosed the barrier.

"By my faith," said one, as he eyed the mace-bearer with a gloomy expression, "our lord Count, I warrant me, will repent the setting loose of such a knave as thou; but as it is his *command, go forth, and the foul fiend speed thee!*"

"An' it were not against my lord's command, sirrah," said an archer, who stood near, addressing himself to Merindat, "I would send a shaft after *thee*, with as good will as that which came from the caitiff in yon turret to strike our noble chief. But, go thy ways! Treachery will ever find guerdon at the last."

The messenger paused not to answer the objurgations of his late opponents, but reining his horse to the open postern was about to pass through, when the tall form of Friar Robert appeared just without, clasping the hand of Angela with whom he had descended from the rocks and waited beyond the barrier until the unclosing of the gate. Radiant as ever, though timidly shrinking at the sight of so many soldiers as now filled the court, the young maiden gleamed suddenly before the eyes of Merindat, the messenger, almost in the path of his steed; and he drew bridle suddenly, lest harm might befall so beautiful a being. But Angela, disengaging her hand from that of Friar Robert, looked up confidingly toward the grim rider, and with a smile of artless thanks tripped under the arched portal, and glided quickly amid the men-at-arms, who made way upon either side till she had passed beyond their sight.

"Now, get thee gone, bringer of evil!" cried the knight who had charge of the postern, as he struck the messenger's steed upon its flank with his naked sword. But Merindat, instead of obeying the mandate, let fall his bridle upon the animal's neck, and springing once more to the ground, exclaimed with emphasis—

"Messieurs! as bringer of evil, mayhap, I did come to this castle; but neither as spy nor traitor. That foul treachery hath been intended to your lord, I do well believe; and I deem it shame to those who practice it. Furthermore, I desire to release me from share in whatever may happen to this castle, which is to fall this night into the hands of General Chabannes."

"How, sirrah! dost thou dare make jest of us, having but now escaped with thy wretched life!" exclaimed the knight.

"I speak what is true, sir knight," returned Merindat; "if you will look up to yonder turret-top, you shall perceive the signal of the lord De Varens, a yellow scarf upon a pike's head."

"And what means that?" demanded the knight, as he glanced upward, and beheld the signal-pennant fluttering above the turret.

"I know naught concerning this castle or its defenders," answered the mace-bearer; "but if yonder be the southern tower, it is that which is to be attacked by General Chabannes, and the lord De Varens is to leave open a postern that o'erlooks the precipice."

"Hah!" cried the knight, laying his hand upon the messenger's arm, and grasping it violently; "come with me at once to our lord Count. If thou liest, thy head shall roll over yon precipice. De Varens holds this southern tower, and—"

There was no further colloquy between the knight and messenger; for at that instant a blast of trumpets echoed from the defiles beneath the castle, which led upward from the hamlet of De Varens; and immediately afterwards a great tumult was noticeable upon the walls and bastions of the main building, now in possession of the Armagnacs, whilst Sir Godfrey, with nearly all his followers, were shut up in the southern tower. Archers and men-at-arms ran at once from the court-yard to gain positions whence they could behold what had caused the alarm, and the knight, still maintaining his hold of Merindat, turned with the rest to a flight of steps leading to the walls above the moat and portcullis. Arrived thither, the meaning of the alarm which they had heard was made at once manifest, in the discovery without of a score of Count d'Armagnac's retainers, who had been posted in the village, and who now appeared engaged in hand-to-hand conflict with a multitude of French soldiers, against whom they were disputing the highest defile of the gorge that ascended to the castle's gate. The embouchure of this defile was scarcely two hundred yards from the walls, and it was there that the Armagnacs, wearied and bleeding from many wounds, had halted to make a last stand against the pursuing French, at the same time sounding their trumpets to arouse their comrades in the chateau.

Count d'Armagnac, pale and feeble from the loss of blood, had nevertheless risen from his couch upon hearing the trumpet-blast, and was now upon the ramparts in the midst of his knights and retainers. He gave instant orders for a sortie, turning to the knight who held Merindat's arm, with the command to head the sally—

"Sir Bernard Hericourt! go forth, and cover the retreat of those brave men! Hah! was not this man dismissed?" he asked, in recognizing the mace-bearer.

"Speak for thyself, sirrah! I must away!" cried Hericourt, as, brandishing his sword, he hurried to the main gate of the chateau, where were already mustered threescore men, impatient to succor their fellow soldiers now fighting without. Meantime, Merindat pointing to the yellow scarf upon the southern turret, hastily disclosed to the Duke the danger which was to be feared from that quarter.

"De Varens is in possession! ah! I see it now!" cried the Count d'Armagnac! "The southern tower defends the rocks from escalade; and if there be no defence, the precipice may be easily mounted! It is a plot worthy of crafty King Louis and his base hirelings. But, ah! by Heaven! we shall not be caught without bloodspilling! Ho! Pierre Beauvois! Jacques Cartelet!" he cried, beckoning impatiently to a couple of youths, who stood at a little distance, watching him attentively. "Get me a dozen stacks of straw, and put fire to yonder tower wherein the traitors harbor! By the Lord who made me, Godfrey de Varens shall rue his treachery to James d'Armagnac! Haste ye! and let the red flame be another signal to Chabannes that he is expected!"

The two youths hurried away, whilst Count d'Armagnac, leaning on the arm of a knight who attended him, walked feebly back to his couch. Merindat remained standing near the rampart, where he could look towards the gorge, and behold Sir Bernard Hericourt, with his threescore men, plunge downward, shouting and brandishing their weapons till, meeting the press of hostile forces in the narrow defile, they bore it backward, as an avalanche clears its path through a hill-side forest. In a few moments the blast of a trumpet echoed triumphantly from the gorge, and Hericourt reappeared in the van of his men-at-arms, escorting their rescued comrades to the castle-gates, which opening widely admitted them, and then drawing upon the fixed portcullis, barred the approach of all others.

But little time had the returned Armagnacs to bestow in gratulations; for Pierre Beauvois and Jacques Cartelet had already fulfilled the behest of their lord in collecting great stacks of straw, which they piled against the oaken door of the southern tower. Presently the flames were seen to arise, and in a few moments the court-yard was filled with clouds of smoke puffed back by the wind, while a dozen men plied their arms in bringing more fuel to cast upon the increasing pile of fire.

The besieged De Varens, however, was not the last to discover the danger which threatened his strong refuge. Already, in the plateau and rocks commanded by the south tower, he could mark the movement of troops which, in recognition of his signal, had been despatched by General Chabannes to ascend the heights: a task difficult, it was true, and impossible to accomplish against any well-ordered defence; but, assisted by those above, of comparatively little danger. The precipice over which the tower partially hung, and which formed its firm foundation, was almost perpendicular, and no human foot could find hold upon its steep and smooth face; but adown this cliff, at the present time, De Varens had caused strong ropes to be lowered, notched with loops, wherein the feet of climbers might catch; and with these aids to escalement, there were few obstacles to overcome, save the rough and uneven rocks and shelving base of the mountain itself. The southern tower, if held by men determined to defend it, could resist an army approaching upon this side; because, from its ramparts and embrasures, great stones might be rolled down to sweep whole ranks away, and arrows, flaming brands, and vessels filled with boiling pitch and oil, hurled thickly down, would speedily make an end of an assaulting party, even before it reached the base of the smooth precipice, above which there was no foothold. In the present case, however, when the besieged were in understanding with the besiegers, the southern tower offered only aid to those who were approaching it.

But Godfrey de Varens, though aware that Chabannes' soldiers were coming speedily to his relief, beheld with great apprehension the preparations made to assault his strong-hold with the fearful power of fire. He heard the blazing straw crackling at the tower's base, saw its flames rising higher and higher, and very soon began to breathe the smoke, which, penetrating of the interior, ascended to the loftiest chamber of the turret, wherein were his own quarters. He gave rapid orders to those who were near him to collect heavy missiles of every sort, pour out water upon the burning straw, and heat pitch and oil in order to cast forth upon the soldiers who filled the court-yard. At the same time he directed his bowmen to discharge their arrows at intervals through the embrasures and loop holes whenever they could with certainty inflict injury upon the Armagnacs. But the first flight of arrows, wounding a few of the Count's retainers, only enraged their comrades to a pitch of greater violence. Henceforth they mustered under the knights, and with renewed determination brought every appliance of assault to bear against the southern tower. Rearing with great labor two immense beams, crossed at the top, and forming a sort of belfry, they affixed strong ropes to the apex, and swung by these ropes a horizontal timber, thus making a battering ram or catapult of prodigious force, which they drew back to the extent of the ropes, and then projected with terrible impetus against the oaken door already weakened by the flames. In vain the soldiers within poured boiling pitch and water upon the heads of those without. The Armagnacs, experienced in a hundred sieges, raised wooden shields that completely sheltered their persons, and under cover of these approached near enough to add constant fuel to the fire, and to work the machine which they had erected, dealing fierce shocks against the quivering postern. At length the oaken barrier gave way with a loud crash, and the Armagnacs rushed forward to dash away the blazing faggots and carry the tower by assault. At this crisis, however, the voice of James d'Armagnac, from a window of the opposite tower, was heard in sudden command—

"Fall back, men of Armagnac! Let the fox be smothered in his hole! Stain not your swords with the blood of the traitor, but let him burn at the stake he has chosen for himself."

The words of their chief were received with a shout of vindictive approbation; and the Armagnacs, abandoning their intention of assault, collected more straw and faggots, and cast them into the shattered doorway, causing the flames to communicate to the interior, igniting the oaken staircase and wood work nearest to the ground. In a few moments smoke and flames were seen to arise within, breaking speedily through the embrasures of the tower above; while the hiss of the water which the besieged threw constantly down the staircase, mingled with the crackle of fire on the inflammable timbers that composed the interior strength of the bastion. At this moment the peal of a trumpet announced a renewed assault upon the main tower by the soldiers of Chabannes, and the Armagnac men, obeying their knights, hurried to defend the ramparts. Thus attacked by the forces of Count de Dammartin without, and forced to wage battle against his treacherous host within, the Duke de Nemours, wounded and exhausted from the loss of blood, reclined upon a rude pallet in a chamber which opened upon the ramparts. Beside him a single page remained, the remainder of the Armagnacs being engaged in repelling the main assault in front, and endeavoring to destroy the southern tower in order at once to punish the meditated treason and prevent its execution.

"Boy, Louis!" cried the Count impatiently, after listening a while to the shouts without, "look quickly through you embrasure, and say what thou seest."

"I see the pass filled with soldiers wearing the straight cross of the King," replied the page. "They fill the gorge, and their armor glances high up on the rocks. Now they advance to the gate, and now—"

"Ay!—Hericourt is there, and sallies forth—is it not so?"

"All our brave knights and men-at-arms!" cried the page, enthusiastically; "they rush upon the French! they beat them back! Oh, my God! the good knight—he is killed!—"

"Who is killed!—not Hericourt!" exclaimed Count James, starting up.

"Alas! they drag him from under the horses! I fear me he is killed."

"Go—go, boy, at once, and learn the truth! Hericourt must not die!"

The page glanced at his master, who appeared greatly agitated, and then left the chamber. Immediately afterwards a noise of many footsteps was heard, and several men-at-arms rushed into the room.

"Most noble Count! the French are in the castle! They have scaled the southern tower, and are casting water on the flames below."

"And Hericourt! speak!"

"He is slain!"

"Then I must no longer stay here! Ho, knaves! get me my horse, and we will cut our way through the heart of Chabannes' camp! My horse! varlets! my horse!"

As he said this Count James sprang to the floor, while heavy drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead. The amazed men-at-arms made way before him, as seizing his heavy sword he appeared in the court-yard:

"Now let all who are in this castle follow their lord to freedom or sacrifice!" he cried, as he gained the saddle of the steed which was brought to him. "Ho! men-at-arms—knights—archers! all! St. James for D'Armagnac! follow your lord."

The court-yard and ramparts were crowded with Armagnacs, standing ready to defend the walls and cover the retreat of their friends engaged in the last sortie; but at the call of their lord they hastily grasped their weapons and ranged themselves behind him, each upon his steed. Even the archers who had remained at the base of the southern tower, piling up stones and timbers against its portal, which they covered with flaming straw, now left the refuge of De Varens to its occupants alone, and crowded to the ranks of their comrades. In another moment the whole troop clattered over the draw-bridge, and bore down upon the press of men that filled the gorge, shouting the battle cry of their house—"St. James for D'Armagnac!" Down they swept, swiftly and with steady closeness, their leader's eyes swerving but once from the enemy; and that was when the face of Sir Bernard Hericourt, all bruised and bleeding, met his gaze, as it lay, turned upward, in the path of his comrades.

The headlong violence of the sortie bore everything before it; and the Armagnacs who were fighting in the gorge, recognizing the form of their chief, felt their courage revived, as, falling aside for a moment, they closed immediately behind the reinforcement, and shouting the warcry, poured impetuously down the narrow slope. To a brief space Chabannes' detachment was beaten backward, and forced to the advanced posts in the hamlet of Varens.

The chateau was now entirely deserted by the Armagnacs, while the followers of De Varens were confined to the upper chambers and turrets of the southern tower, the foundation of which was now girt by flames that held complete possession of the woodwork within. Upon the turrets of the tower, particularly, could be marked a crowd of armed men, wearing the colors of France. These were soldiers of Chabannes, who had gained the height by escalement, only to find their further progress debarred by the fiery element that was fast consuming the base of the building, and threatening the destruction of those above. At the same time it was apparent that not only this tower but the whole castle would soon be involved in ruin; for already fragments of blazing straw, carried by a strong wind, had communicated the fire to other inflammable portions of the fortress, which were now scorched and crackling under the increasing heat. Thrice had De Varens and his retainers endeavored to descend and make a sortie through the fire, but were forced up again by clouds of stifling smoke: till at length, at the moment Count James, at the head of the Armagnacs, essayed his last and desperate onset through the gorge, the false Sir Godfrey, beholding flames shoot upward through the floors beneath him, saw that his southern tower was no longer tenable, and gave orders for instant escape to the rocks by means of the ropes which had aided the King's soldiers in their escalement. Little time in truth remained; for twilight was fast replacing the light of day, and clouds of smoke began to envelope the chateau, amid which, at intervals, appeared lurid flashes that denoted the path of the flames, as, igniting the worm-eaten flooring and rafters, they spread steadily from tower to bastion. Sir Godfrey de Varens saw that his treachery to Count James was to cost him at least his mountain castle: and as he abandoned the turret with his followers, to descend the precipitous rocks, he cursed the baleful star which, to his superstitious mind, appeared to rule his fortunes.

But while De Varens was thus driven from the southern tower; while the fire slowly but surely attacked the main structure; while the great gate stood open wide, and the draw-bridge over which the Armagnacs had rushed upon their enemies, was now guarded by no sentinel; while ramparts and court-yard were deserted

RICE PLANTING IN MANILLA.

When the rice has grown to a certain height, they unplant it, bind the small bundles together, which they put into the earth (if you can call a muddy bed covered with water earth) at equal distances, as you see in the sketch. There is always a little table with wisps of straw to tie up these same bundles. The women leave off their petticoats, and only wear the "tapie," as it is wet in the fields. In the foreground is a sledge made of bamboo—they are generally used instead of carts. An old buffalo is ploughing in the most beautiful bluish mud—mud that would gladden the heart of a pig. These paddy fields are surrounded by ridges of earth to keep in the water, and let it flow gently into the next field, which is lower than the first. Each field goes down like small terraces or steps, and in that way one little stream does for any quantity of irrigation. One or two farm houses are in the back of the strata, surrounded by their plantain, bamboo, and betel-nut plants. There are generally one or two pigs tied by the neck under these houses; horses, cows, and buffalo grazing in the fields as in England.

and silent, save when flames crackled above them;—where was Angela, the castle's maid, whom Friar Robert had left at the postern-gate, to find her way to Dame Babette?

She was in truth with Dame Babette still: kneeling beside the withered crone, who lay upon her pallet in a chamber of the eastern tower—that portion of the castle which was farthest removed from the main building and court-yard, and which overlooked the deep ravine that was walled on the opposite side by the hermitage rocks. Angela had been repeating her prayers, and Babette's features wore a smile of terror as she muttered—"Go forth again, child, and mark if Sir Godfrey still holds the tower—go forth, I say."

Angela obeyed the querrulous mandate, and hurrying from the dim chamber, quickly descended a narrow staircase leading to the gallery below, whence she could obtain a view of that portion of the chateau which she knew was the seat of conflict: but ere she reached her destination a noise like thunder broke suddenly upon her ears, and she felt the floor rock under her feet, throwing her violently forward. Then the oaken door at one end of the gallery was flung inward with a crash, and through the opening a stifling cloud of smoke and dust rushed like a whirlwind, almost stifling the maiden as she lay with her face downward, fainting with terror. At the same moment the figure of a man darted toward her, and she heard a voice cry—

"Hist! Angela!"

"Father Robert!" dear Father Robert!" murmured the maid, as she rose and stretched out her arms to the advancing figure. "Save me!" she implored, clinging to the breast to which her slight form was at once lifted. The smoke and dust choked her, the gallery was dark with shadows, but Angela felt no more fear, as nestling under the coarse garment which her supporter wrapped around her, she was borne out into the court-yard, now strewn with the burning fragments of the fallen tower, and thence out of the great gate and across the drawbridge down into the gorge below.

But it was not Friar Robert who clasped the trusting Angela in his arms: for but a little time passed ere the priest himself descending from his rocky cell, hastened through the deserted gate and up to the gallery, calling loudly the name of "Angela:" but no Angela answered. Friar Robert, traversing the gallery and ascending the staircase to the chamber above, still called "Angela! Angela!" but only Babette was left in the castle. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAKING BREAD BY STEAM POWER

The "Pennsylvania Farina Company" have commenced the making of bread by steam power in this city. The buildings are situate in Vine street near Broad. They contain two ovens, each of which is twenty-four feet in height, the same in width of front, and ten feet in depth.—The heat is conveyed to them from a furnace beneath, through fire brick tubes, while by means of a self-acting damper, which acts with the expansion or contraction of the metal in which it is fixed, the temperature of the oven is under entire control. A windless chain is so arranged in the interior that upon the arms projecting from it are laid twenty-four shelves, each two feet apart: upon these the bread is deposited. The chain is movable either by steam or hand power, and revolves perpendicularly through the oven at just sufficient speed to bake the bread at a single revolution, the time being regulated to the moiety of a second by the action of a conical cylinder.

The ovens have each two stories. A pan containing eighty loaves of unbaked bread enters the doors at one side of the oven, while another is being discharged from the doors at the opposite side. The same operation goes on in both stories of the oven at the same time. From the time that all the pans which lie upon the revolving shelves are filled with dough, a pan of baked bread comes forth at the opposite end, and dumps itself into the car placed to receive it as fast as the dough is received at the opposite end. The temperature of the oven is kept at a uniform point, so that, were it necessary, baking could be conducted without cessation for any indefinite period.

The machinery employed throughout is ponderous, yet works with admirable precision and smoothness. The kneading machine, which perfectly imitates manipulation by hand power, possesses the capacity to work up a batch of ten barrels of flour every thirty minutes. It is worked by steam power in connection with the gearing of the oven. It consists of a fixed wooden cylinder, open at the top, ten feet in length and six feet in diameter, in which is so secured a horizontal shaft that the inside heads of the cylinder revolve with it. Upon these heads, extending across near the periphery, are iron bars or knuckles, which intimately incorporate the flour and water as they receive it. This part of the process is the first in order after the leavening process is undergone, and is performed in a wonderfully brief space of time.

This being accomplished, a second operation commences, the dough being raised in given quantities at a time, till it passes a certain point in the cylinder, when it is spread out and further manipulated, precisely in the manner performed by the hands of the ordinary baker, after which it is taken from the cylinder by a trap-door, and the apparatus is ready to receive a second batch, and so on ad infinitum.

The capacity of the machinery is believed to be ample for the supply of the entire city, and it is believed the trade in general will find their interests promoted by selling the bread manufactured by the Pennsylvania Farina Company. The advantages which the Company will possess over individual bakers, will consist in their ability to purchase larger quantities of flour, and consequently to furnish cheaper bread, saying nothing of the advantages of steam over muscle; in a gain of about ten per cent. of nutritive matter in the bread, which is evaporated or lost in the old process of baking; in about four per cent. increased weight of bread obtained from the same weight of dough; in the amount of time lost in the ordinary mode of heating ovens; in the rent of a single bakery over a large number; in that the bread is baked upon tiles, in a brick oven, and by radiating heat, and that it is baked in a vapor, not of steam, but of alcohol; that the bread is also improved from its security from ashes, gas or smoke; and because the Company will sell it by weight only, and at a reduced price. The steam, it may be added, is used only for the power, not for the baking process.

THE LATEST FASHION.—The lady promenaders of the Avenue were somewhat horrified at the appearance of a distinguished foreigner, who held up her dress so as to display an undoubted scarlet flannel under skirt. What an idea! Yet these same peasant petticoats are now all the rage across the water. Queen Victoria brought them to London from her Balmoral palace in the Highlands of Scotland, about two years ago, and this year they have been adopted by the Empress Eugenie. Of course, they are *a la mode*, those of alternate narrow strips of red and black flannel being more *distingue* than the plain scarlet. Silks and satins are to be no longer trailed in the mud, and the ladies who wish to be *a la mode* should not only provide themselves at once, but practice gathering up their dresses in graceful folds, so as to display about a foot of the bright colored under skirt.—*New York Express.*

AN APPROPRIATE NAME.—The ship Flying Scud, on her recent voyage to California, is said to have made 460 miles in 24 hours, equal to 19 1-6 miles per hour. This is believed to be the highest speed ever attained on the ocean.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Interesting Discussion on the Neutrality Laws.

ARREST OF GEN. WALKER, &c.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

SENATE.

On the 5th, Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, introduced a bill providing for the payment of the French Spoliation Claims, and moved its reference to a select committee of seven.

After a debate, the motion was agreed to.

Messrs. Crittenden, of Kentucky, Collamer, of Vermont, Toombs, of Georgia, Haulin, of Maine, Hunter, of Virginia, and Davis, of Mississippi, were appointed as the committee.

Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, introduced a bill amendatory of the Coinage Act relative to the half dollar and smaller silver coins.

Mr. Gwin, of California, submitted a resolution, which lies over under the rules, instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for the appointment of a Minister Plenipotentiary to Japan.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, who begun a speech on the 4th, relative to Kansas affairs, but was taken suddenly ill, was still too sick to resume his speech.

After the transaction of business of no public importance, the Senate adjourned.

On the 6th, Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, and Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, asked, but the Senate refused to excuse them from serving on the French Spoliation Bill Committee. The Senate proceeded to the consideration of Mr. Crittenden's resolution, in favor of increasing the duties on imports and substituting home for foreign valuation.

Mr. Crittenden, of Ky., spoke as to the necessity of the adoption of such a measure. He did not believe that the present law will produce the adequate amount of revenue for the support of the Government. An increase of five per cent. on woollen and cotton goods would be sufficient to produce all the necessary protection.

Mr. Fitch, of Indiana, moved an amendment, taxing all bank notes, with a discrimination against those of small denominations, so as to drive the latter out of circulation.

On motion of Mr. Clay, of Alabama, the resolution and amendment were laid on the table.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, presented the petition of citizens of Ohio, praying for the charter of a National Bank for thirty years, with a capital of sixty millions of dollars, and also for the increase of the Tariff. Adjourned.

On the 7th, Mr. J. H. Hammond, Senator from South Carolina in place of Mr. Butler, deceased, took his seat in the Senate.

Mr. Seward, of New York, presented petitions from the citizens of Cannandigua, N. Y., praying for the adoption of some practical measure by which the people of the North may co-operate with the people of the South in the extinguishment of slavery, by making fair and honorable compensation to the slave-owners for the full value of their slaves.

The petition was ordered to be tabled.

A MESSAGE.

The following Message was received from the President, in reference to the call for information relative to the recent events in Central America:

In submitting to the Senate the papers for which they have called, I deem it proper to make a few observations. In capturing Gen. Walker and his command after they had landed on the soil of Nicaragua, Commodore Paulding has, in my opinion, committed a grave error. It is quite evident, however, from the communications herewith transmitted, that this was done from pure and patriotic motives, and in the sincere conviction that he was promoting the interests and vindicating the honor of his country.

In regard to Nicaragua, she has sustained no injury by the act of Com. Paulding. This has cnured to her benefit, and relieved her from a dreaded invasion. She alone would have any right to complain of the violation of her territory, and it is quite certain she will never exercise this right. It does not lie in the mouth of her invaders to complain in her name. She has been rescued by Commodore Paulding from their assaults. The error of this gallant officer consists in exceeding his instructions, and landing his sailors and marines in Nicaragua; whether with or without her consent, for the purpose of making war upon any military force whatever, which he might find in the country, no matter from whence they came.

This power certainly did not belong to him. Obedience to the law and conformity to instructions are the best and safest guides for all officers, civil and military, and when they transcend these limits, and act upon their own responsibility, evil consequences almost inevitably follow. Under these circumstances, when Marshal Rynders presented himself at the State Department, on the 20th ult., with Gen. Walker in custody, the Secretary informed him that the Executive Department of the government did not recognize Gen. Walker as a prisoner; that it had no directions to give concerning him, and that it is only through the action of the Judiciary that he could be lawfully held in custody to answer any charges that might be brought against him. In thus far disapproving the conduct of Com. Paulding, no inference must be drawn that I am less determined than I have ever been to exercise the neutrality laws of the United States. This is my imperative duty, and I shall continue to perform it by all the means which the constitution and the laws have placed in my power. My opinion of the value and importance of these laws corresponds entirely with that expressed by Mr. Monroe, in his Message to Congress, of December 17th, 1819. That wise, prudent and patriotic statesman says it is of the highest importance to our national character, and indispensable to the morality of our citizens, that all violations of our neutrality laws should be prevented. No door should be left open for the evasion of our laws. No opportunity afforded to any who may be disposed to take advantage of it to compromise the interest or honor of the nation. The crime of setting on foot or providing the means for military expeditions within the United States, to make war against a foreign State with which we are at peace, is one of an aggravated character, and early engaged the attention of Congress. Whether the Executive Government possesses any or what power under the constitution, independently of Congress, to prevent or punish this and similar offences against the law of nations, was a subject which engaged the attention of our most eminent statesmen in the time of the administration of General Washington, and on the occasion of the French Revolution. The Act of Congress of the 5th of June, 1794, fortunately removed all the difficulties of this question which had heretofore existed. The fifth and seventh sections of this Act, which relates to this question, are the same in substance with the sixth and eighth sections of the Act of April, 1818, and have now been in force for a period of more than sixty years. The military expedition rendered criminal by the Act must have its origin, must begin, or be set on foot in the United States; but the great object of the law was to save foreign States with whom we were at peace, from the ravages of these lawless expeditions proceeding from our shores. The seventh section alone, therefore, which simply defines the crime and its punishment, would have been inadequate to accomplish this purpose, and enforce our international duties. In order to render the law effectual, it was necessary to prevent the carrying on of such expeditions to their consummation before they had succeeded in leaving our shores. This has been done effectually, and in clear and explicit language in the authority given to the President under the eighth section of the act, to employ the land and naval forces of the United States for the purpose of preventing the carrying on of any such expedition or enterprise from the territories or jurisdiction of the United States against territories or domain of any foreign Prince or State, or of any colony, district or people with whom the United States are at peace. For these reasons, had Com. Paulding intercepted the steamer Fashion, with General Walker and his command on board, at any period before they had entered the port of San Juan de Nicaragua, and conducted them back to Mobile, he would have prevented them from carrying on the expedition, and have been not only a justifiable but a praiseworthy act. The crime well deserves the severe punishment inflicted upon it by our laws. It violates the principles of Christianity, morality and humanity held sacred by all civilized nations, and by none more than by the people of the United States. Disguise it as we may, such a military expedition is an invitation to reckless and lawless men to enlist under the banner of any adventurer, to rob, plunder and murder the unoffending citizens of neighboring States, who have never done them harm. It is an usurpation of the war-making power which belongs alone to Congress, and the government, at least in the estimation of the world, becomes an accomplice in the commission of this crime, unless it adopts all the means necessary to prevent and to punish it. It would be far better and more in accordance with the bold and manly character of our countrymen for the government itself to get up such expeditions, than to allow them to proceed under the command of irresponsible adventurers. We could then, at least, exercise some control over our own agency, and prevent them from burning down cities, and committing other acts of enormity of which we have read. The avowed principle which lies at the foundation of the law of nations is contained in the Divine command that, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. Tried by this unerring rule, we should be severely condemned if we did not use the best exertions to arrest such expeditions against our feeble sister republic of Nicaragua. One thing is very certain, that the people never existed who would call any other nation to a stricter account than we should ourselves, for tolerating lawless expeditions from their shores to make war upon any portion of our territories. By tolerating such expeditions we shall soon lose the high character which we have enjoyed ever since the days of Washington, for the faithful performance of international obligations and duties, and inspire distrust against us, among the members of the great family of civilized nations. But if motives of duty were not sufficient to restrain us from engaging in such lawless enterprises, evident interest ought to dictate this policy. These expeditions are the most effectual mode of retarding American progress, although to promote it is the avowed object of the leaders and contributors in such undertakings.

It is beyond question the destiny of our race to spread themselves over the continent of North America, and this at no distant day, should events be permitted to take their natural course. The tide of emigration will flow to the South and North, and nothing can eventually arrest its progress, if permitted to go there peacefully. Central America will soon contain an American population which will confer blessings and benefits as well upon the natives as their respective governments. Liberty, under the restraints of law, will preserve domestic peace, whilst the different transit routes across the Isthmus, in which we are so deeply interested, will have assured protection. Nothing has retarded this happy condition of affairs so much as the unlawful expedition which has been fitted out in the United States to make war upon the Central American States. Had we half the number of American citizens who have miserably perished in the first disastrous expedition of Gen. Walker settled in Nicaragua, settled as peaceful emigrants, the object which we all desire would, ere this, have been in a great degree accomplished. These expeditions have caused the people of the Central American States to regard us with dread and suspicion. It is our policy to remove this apprehension and convince them that we intend to do them good and not evil. We desire, as the leading power of this continent, to open, and, if need be, to protect every transit route across the Isthmus, not only for our own benefit, but that of the world, and thus open a free access to Central America, and through it to our Pacific possessions. This policy was commenced under favorable auspices, when the expedition under the command of Gen. Walker escaped from our territories, and proceeded to Punta Arenas. Should another expedition of a similar character again evade the vigilance of our officers and proceed to Nicaragua, this would be fatal, at least for a season, to the peaceful settlement of those countries, and to the policy of American progress.

The truth is, no administration can successfully conduct the foreign affairs of the country, in Central America, or anywhere else, if it is to be interfered with at every step by lawless military expeditions "set on foot in the United States."

JAMES BUCHANAN.

January 7, 1858.

Accompanying the documents, many of which have already been published, is a letter from the Secretary of the Navy to Lieut. Almy, of the steamer Fulton, dated Oct. 12, 1857, in which he tells him that his instructions do not authorize him to act arbitrarily, or upon mere suspicion. But where he found an American vessel is manifestly engaged in carrying an expedition or enterprise from the territories or the jurisdiction of the United States against Mexico, Nicaragua or Costa Rica, he will use the force under his command to prevent it, and not permit the men or arms engaged in it, or destined for it, to be landed in any part of Mexico or Central America.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, moved the reference of the message to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and to be printed, together with the accompanying documents. The motion to print was agreed to.

Mr. Davis, of Miss., dissented from the arguments contained in the message. The President had assumed that the neutrality laws, which required that such expeditions as this should be suppressed, also conferred upon the Executive the power to go beyond the jurisdiction of the United States to suppress them. This seemed to be the key of the policy on the part of the Administration, which sent the navy down to the coast of Central America, instead of stationing the vessels where they should have been stationed, namely, at the mouth of the Mississippi, and on the coast of Alabama. Were this expedition all that it is described to be, it is only a misdemeanor, instead of a violation of the neutrality law. The suspicion that there was an intent to make war against a nation with which we are at peace, would have justified the detention of Gen. Walker and his men within the limits of the United States, but not their arrest beyond our limits. We have no extradition treaty with Nicaragua; they could not have lawfully been taken upon her soil. Even had they been fugitives from justice, the President has no more power to make such arrests than any member of Congress. If our neighbors are too weak to protect themselves, we should use all lawful means to prevent our citizens from invading their territory. But it is not within the theory of our government to fit out expeditions to catch half a dozen, or a dozen, or one or two hundred men, who may choose to leave the United States and land upon their shores. In this respect, he thought we were making a great departure from the principles which heretofore guided the conduct of our government. If it be the pleasure of Congress to give the President police power over the high seas, and authorise him to use the army and navy as a constabulary force, let it be done by the passage of a law with that view.

Mr. Mason doubted the expediency of discussing the subject without more mature deliberation. The President was, by the Constitution, at the head of the army and navy, and the laws of the land direct how these are to be used. He contented himself with the remark that it was clearly incumbent on the President to see that the neutrality laws were faithfully executed.

Mr. Crittenden, of Ky., referred to the President's admission that Commodore Paulding had committed a grave error. According to his own premises, such a conclusion was altogether illogical, and the conduct of Paulding was as conformable to the law as if he had received express instructions to do what he did.

Mr. Brown, of Miss., regarded it as a little singular that while the President disapproved of the arrest of Gen. Walker, he, at the same time excused that act. The arrest of Walker was in violation of the law; for, if Com. Paulding had a right to make the arrest, his conduct is not only excused, but applauded. If he had no legal right to do that act, then the President owes it to the people and the country to condemn it. If Walker was guilty of any violation of the law, and had been arrested and brought back to our shores as a fugitive from justice, why is he not put into the clutches of the law? Why was he brought to New York, placed in the hands of the United States Marshal, and then brought here, delivered to the Executive, and then set at liberty? Why was he not carried back to Louisiana by the same authority that arrested him, and there put upon his trial on this charge of violating the law? This was a farce, being played before the American people, which was disreputable to all engaged in it. There had been trumped up this charge against Walker, when they knew there had been no violation of the law. If they believe he has violated the law, they have been guilty of a dereliction of duty in not punishing him for it. The fitting out of an expedition in violation of the neutrality laws was one thing, and the voluntary expatriation of a citizen was an altogether different thing. If Walker went there avowing it was his purpose to endeavor to regain the rights of which he had been dispossessed, he did no more than he had a right to do. He (Mr. Brown) had a right to take his musket upon his shoulder and go and tell the President, and Secretary of War, and the District Attorney, and Marshals, everywhere, that he meant to wage war against Nicaragua, or any other nation, and they would have no right to molest him. If one man has that right, two men or five hundred men have it. The mistake was that the Administration was intending to punish what the law never meant should be punished, namely, the intent, while in the United States, to fit out an expedition beyond the limits of the United States with a hostile purpose towards the nation with which we are at peace. He had as high regard for the officers of the navy as for any other citizen. But if anything could bring reproach and eternal disgrace upon the navy, it was this precise course of action. First, Commander Chatard let Walker pass him, and then seeming to have a glimmering idea that he mistook his duty, he undertook to cover neglect by resorting to mean and dirty attempts to insult Walker in his camp, evidently with the intention of provoking him to some act so that he might have an excuse to fire upon him. Then Commodore Paulding appeared, a man ripe of years, doing what every one knew he has done, and which it was unnecessary to recapitulate, and writing just such a letter as ought to affix eternal disgrace upon him. It was a disgrace to the very epaulettes on his shoulders. It was high time that our naval officers should be confined to the discharge of their duties according to the law, for there was too much disposition shown to exceed the law, by one and all of them. He could not help saying that the President would have discharged his duty to the laws and to the best interests of the country, by pointedly rebuking the lawless acts of Paulding, than by excusing it. It would not do for the President to say that Paulding's act was a violation of the law and then wink at it. No matter if Nicaragua does not complain. It was not for us to violate our laws, when Nicaragua does not complain, and execute them when she does complain. Our duty is to go according to law. If Com. Paulding has conformed to the law, let him be applauded. If not, let him be condemned. He admired the spunk of the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) in boldly expressing his views heretofore, although he differed from every view uttered by that Senator on the Kansas question.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, was anxious to have the documents printed, because he wanted information on the subject. When the information was made public, he should express his views.

Mr. Seward, of N. Y., referred to the fact that the President announced in his message that the arrest of Gen. Walker was without authority of law, and the question then came up whether the officer who committed this act should be censured or punished in any way for it. On that point the President makes an excuse for Com. Paulding, which was, that the parties who had been arrested had been indicted in the United States for an offence against our laws, and failing to arrest them on the high seas, the naval officer had arrested them in the performance of the very act they had meditated. Here were two parties delinquent. Is the first place there was a band of lawless men, who had escaped the vigilance of the police, and gone abroad to levy war in violation of the laws of the United States, with a nation with whom we are at amity. On the other hand, there was an officer who, through the excess of vigilance, had surpassed his instructions, and had himself committed a violation of the law. He thought the President had balanced this case with exact justice. The President had censured the fugitives, and while admitting the good intentions of that officer, had also censured him for violating the law. What more could be asked? Suppose a punishment more or less severe should be passed upon this officer. What shall be done with the chief offender, who has been brought back? Nothing has been done towards bringing him to trial for the offence for which he stands indicted, and the President is defied to his teeth by Walker, in his late letter, in which he states that no matter who may interfere, at home or abroad, he is determined to proceed in the prosecution of his design. If the honorable Senators insisted upon it, he was quite willing that censure should be passed upon Com. Paulding, but he must ask them in justice to mete out some punishment for this greater crime. Suppose the Government should punish Paulding and leave the others go unpunished, what is the lesson which will be learned from this affair? It is that you may go out of the jurisdiction of the United States, and levy war against any nation with whom we are at peace, provided you can only escape the vigilance of police on land. And if you shall be arrested after you commence your acts, although the State shall be grateful for the protection they receive, still the officer who makes the arrest shall be punished, and you shall not be apprehended. To be consistent they should go further, and propose to restore Gen. Walker to the place from which he was taken. And if it was right to invade Nicaragua, it was equally right to invade New Grenada or Brazil, or any other South American State. Why should we punish the Pawnees or Apaches for committing depredations upon our citizens, and claim that our citizens shall go abroad with impunity and commit depredations upon the people of other States? If gentlemen think the principle is right, let them introduce a bill to repeal the neutrality laws.

Mr. Davis—To what principle does the Senator allude?

Mr. Seward—It is this—that the crime is altogether in the offenders being caught. If he can escape from the United States and reach the country against which the war is to be made, then the act is innocent and right.

Mr. Davis—Nobody on this side of the chamber asserts such a principle as that.

Mr. Seward called the attention of the Senator to what had been said by his colleague (Mr. Brown) that General Walker had violated no law; but the President, on the other hand, thought he had not only violated the law of the land, but had also violated the higher law. [Laughter.]

Mr. Davis replied that it was the sacred privilege of an American citizen to bear arms, and, whenever he chose to leave his country and risk his life and fortune in fighting for the oppressed elsewhere, he had a right to do so. It was upon that principle that the war of 1812 took place; and it was a principle dear to every American heart.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, was of the opinion that the principles laid down in the message were neither warranted by the Constitution, nor by any statute law of the United States, nor by any principle of the law of nations. The question was not whether Gen. Walker was committing a crime against Nicaragua. Let her punish him, if she is able. Who made us the avenger of her wrongs? Was Walker committing any crime upon the high seas? What has he done? The Senator from New York (Mr. Seward) says he has made war upon a foreign nation. That is no crime by any law of the United States. It is a crime to set on foot within the limits of the United States, an expedition against a foreign nation with whom we are at peace. But to go outside of our limits and make war, is no offence either by the neutrality laws, or anything else. He did not want to punish any man for an error of judgment. If Commodore Paulding did right, he ought to be rewarded with a medal, just as Com. Ingraham was for violating the neutrality laws in Turkey, for a praiseworthy object. The proposition was in substance that the end justifies the means. He denied the right of the Government to arrest persons upon the high seas and ask them where they were going, and what their business was, and send them home if they were not satisfied about them. The right of an American citizen to expatriate himself was a sacred right, and we should be careful how we trample upon it. While the Administration are talking about the iniquity of General Walker's proceedings in Central America, they go as deliberately in violation of the faith of treaties and the honor of nations, to invade a foreign country for the purpose of arresting him.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, thought the message contained grave and important errors, and entered his dissent from them. The President dared not to defend, while he endeavored to palliate this outrage to an American Senate. After examining some of the grounds upon which that palliation was attempted, he said the President assumed a question now before the legal tribunals of the country. He had assumed that the neutrality laws had been violated, and that it was his business to enforce them. Mr. Toombs denied that there was any proof that such was the case. But if he admitted, for the sake of argument, that this was true, what right has the President to use the army and navy all over the face of the earth? This was a usurpation of authority, not only in derogation of the law, but in derogation of his oath of office. He must get the authority of the law to use any extra territorial jurisdiction whatever. He could command no popular respect, as a vindicator of the laws of the country, unless he himself should obey the laws. But in this case one law has been violated for the purpose of vindicating another. He said Governor Kossuth was invited into the Senate Chamber to show himself, years ago. That gentleman was driven from power by Austria and Russia, and came here after "material aid," to replace himself. That was just the case of Walker, and while he was glorified, the other was vilified. As to the letter of Com. Paulding, the coarse brutality of that correspondence, it must be admitted by every human being, it totally unfitted him not only to be commander of a ship but even to be its cabin boy.

Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, understood it would be a cause of war, by Nicaragua against this country, if an expedition be unlawfully set on foot within our jurisdiction against her. The President was as much bound to maintain the faith of treaties, as any law of the country.

Mr. Mallory, of Florida, vindicated the character of Com. Paulding. He alluded to his revolutionary ancestor, but did not pretend to palliate this act. If such acts of naval officers be permitted, in a very short time this country would be involved in hostilities with foreign nations. If you send naval captains to stop filibustering with loose instructions, they will understand them as seamen, not as jurists. He understood that the Administration had detached Captain Chatard, because he did not arrest Walker. If he is punished for not doing that act, we ought to applaud Paulding for doing it.

Mr. Douglas returned the compliment of the gentleman from Mississippi, (Mr. Brown,) who had said he admired his pluck for expressing his opinions. He found he was getting into good company, and was beating up recruits faster than Walker. He thought it would be found, after a while, that they were all in the party, and were not to be accused of faction because they happen to differ from the President in some of their views. Strange things happens now-a-days. Even the Senator from New York, (Mr. Seward,) was supporting the Administration, and defending it from the attacks of the Democrats.

Mr. Seward said the President had announced that Walker not only violated the laws of the land, but the "higher law," and he (Mr. Seward) would be recreant to his duty as an advocate of the higher law, if he did not support the President. [Laughter.]

Mr. Douglas thought the "higher law" very well in its place, but not in executing the neutrality laws. He would rather look at the statutes of the United States, and see where the authority was for the President to use the army and navy. The law of 1818, defined the jurisdiction to extend one marine league from the coast, and the Government had no authority to make an arrest beyond that distance. He was in favor of giving the neutrality laws a fair, faithful and vigorous execution. This is a government of law, and let us stand by the laws and execute them, whether we like them or dislike them, so long as they stand on the statute book. He had no sympathy for filibustering. Its tendency is to defeat the very object we have in view, namely, the expansion of the area of freedom. He was in favor of the expansion of this country, but in a lawful and regular manner. He was not willing to send out naval officers, with vague instructions, filibustering all over the high seas, under the pretence of putting down filibustering. He had opposed the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, because he did not wish to bind this country not to do that which it might be necessary for its safety to do. That is to say, to annex these Territories, only half the distance to California, and in a direct road.

Mr. Pearce, of Maryland, thought the debate premature. Nothing had been read but the message of the President. They did not know what light the instructions might throw on the subject. He believed the expedition of Walker from Mobile was a flagrant violation of the laws of the United States, and the President did nothing but his duty in authorizing the naval force to prevent that expedition from attacking people with whom we are at peace. He believed it due to the character of the nation that such steps as that should be taken to put down these marauding expeditions, which bring disgrace on the country.

No question was taken on the reference of the message. Adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 4th, in addition to the proceedings noticed in our last, Mr. Keitt, of S. C., introduced a bill to organize a regiment of mounted volunteers for the Texan frontier.

On motion of Mr. Cobb, of Ala., a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Territories to report its opinion whether or not the organic act of Utah ought to be repealed, and that territory attached to an adjoining territory.

Mr. Zollicoffer, of Tenn., introduced a bill providing for the establishment of a branch of the Military Academy at the Hermitage, in Tennessee.

Mr. Blair, of Missouri, introduced a bill, which was referred to the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, authorizing the contractors for carrying the mails from the Mississippi River to San Francisco, under the Act of March last, to adopt any route they may choose.

Mr. Morrell, of Vt., introduced a bill to punish the practice of polygamy in the territories of the United States, and for other purposes. Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

On the 5th, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and took up the President's Message.

Mr. J. Glancy Jones, of Pennsylvania, submitted a series of resolutions referring to the various branches of the Message to the appropriate Standing Committees. He expressed a hope that they should be adopted forthwith, as the Message had been before the country nearly a month.

Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, moved an amendment, referring that portion in relation to the enforcement of the neutrality laws to a select committee, of five members. He said that the country demanded that something should be done. He had come to the conclusion that the greater part of the neutrality laws ought to be swept away from the statute book, and he believed that if the larger portion of the House would investigate the subject, they would arrive at the same conclusion.

He said these were questions which might as well be met now. If an intelligent nation like this should think proper to retain the neutrality laws, or carry out the recommendation of the President—now, he believed, for the first time made from the Executive Chair—that is to make them more stringent, he would be content; but he would not be content till he could bring Congress to vote on this important subject. He emphatically denied that the law of nations requires independent States to restrain their citizens from hostile aggressions on another power. The rights reserved to citizens cannot be invaded by government, the powers of which are limited and specified. The so-called neutrality laws attempt to punish, as crimes, acts which are unknown to the law of nations. He hoped the sympathy now manifested in behalf of Central American affairs would not be restrained by force. Were not our citizens as good judges of their own morals, as Congress for them?

Mr. J. Glancy Jones, of Pennsylvania said that if he understood the most distinguishing characteristic of our government, it was a government of national, constitutional and common law. Hence, in framing his resolutions, he proposed, as most appropriate, to refer this subject to the Committee on the Judiciary. As to the President's position, he understood it to be this: If you wish me to carry out these laws, you must give me more power. But it was not to be inferred as a *non sequitur* that the President would have objection to the repeal or modification of these laws.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, took for granted that a special question like this might properly be confided to a special committee. He understood the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Jones) to say that the President waived the question whether or not he was in favor of the repeal or modification of the neutrality laws, but simply asked to be clothed with new power to defend them.

Mr. J. G. Jones explained. His impression was that he did not say the President has made a waiver. He meant to give no opinion, one way or the other, but if the existing statutes are to be carried out by the courts of the territory, it would be necessary to have further legislation to enable him (the President) to execute them.

Mr. Keitt, resuming, said the word "waiver" was not technically correct, but was substantially true. The President has asked to have the army and navy to punish citizens of the United States on the high seas and on foreign soil. Did he order the army and navy to prevent the sailing of expeditions from our shores? We have already an army and navy for this purpose. Then for what purpose does the President want additional forces? Is it to follow the expeditionists on the water, and arrest them on foreign land? To do that the whole neutrality law must be perverted. If the President has a right to make seizures in a foreign land, he has the right of a despot, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy. If men can be captured as these were (referring to Gen. Walker's followers), they must be captured for no offence. The pursuit of any expedition beyond three miles from land is unlawful, and the capture on a foreign soil is unlawful, and as the gentleman from Georgia (Mr. Stephens) has said, it is robbery to do it. He did not know what position the Administration occupies. He believed that Captain Chatard, when in sight of Punta Arenas, had allowed the disembarkation of Gen. Walker's men because he had not the power to prevent it, and that officer was recalled in disgrace. But Commodore Paulding, at that very spot, sent his men on shore to capture General Walker and his men, and he is not yet involved in disgrace. This is a singular state of affairs: Captain Chatard disgraced for not doing what was done by Commodore Paulding, who is retained.

Mr. J. Glancy Jones read a portion of the Message to show that the President only asked employment for an additional force, in case of necessity, to execute the laws on the statute book, and for the fulfilment of a treaty to which the faith of the government has already been pledged, relative to the protection of the Isthmus of Panama transit route, and for the enforcement of the neutrality laws. If gentlemen meant that he should execute them, they must clothe him with additional powers.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, concurred almost entirely with the argument of Mr. Quitman, and he wished this matter inquired into by some committee who would report; while, before entering fully into the question, he wished to wait to hear from the Executive, he should say in advance that he did not understand that any offence or violation of the neutrality laws had been committed. If it be true that a naval officer has gone on foreign soil and arrested citizens of a foreign country, or American citizens, and deprived them of their liberty and property, it is a great outrage, unjustified by law, or the semblance of law, and such officer should receive the reprimand of his superior official—as it has been well remarked that naval officers cannot expound international law.

Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, after calling especial attention to that section of the neutrality laws relating to the fitting out of expeditions, said that such vessels had heretofore been captured in mid-ocean and turned back, to prevent them from making assaults.

Mr. Stephens, resuming, wanted to know when?

Mr. Bocock replied that he did not make the assertion on his own knowledge, but had been told such was the fact.

Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, said that, on inquiry of a high official, who ought to know, he had learned that no seizure had occurred since 1818; and that, although the neutrality laws had been construed to authorize arrests in mid-ocean, none had been made.

Mr. Stephens, resuming, said that if we wish to set an example, let it be one which can be followed, but we ourselves should not be violators of the neutrality laws. Reparation and restitution should be made, and it would be an outrage if not made. Every man should be sent back to the place from which he was taken. If Walker is the felon, as some call him, if he is a fugitive from justice, let the courts so determine. He understood that Gen. Walker left this country in a ship with a regular clearance. He gave his bond before leaving, and can answer to it. It did not become gentlemen to say that Walker is a fugitive, when he came here on parole, and when the Executive said to him, "Go in peace, we have no charge against you." He repeated that Gen. Walker and his men should be put on board a national ship and returned to where they were before the outrage on them was committed.

Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, believed that Paulding had acted illegally. While he preferred to hear from the Executive in response to the resolution for information, he wanted the neutrality laws inquired into. He maintained unlimited power to use the army and navy on the ocean, or where those of other nations can be legitimately employed.

Mr. Quitman inquired whether the law did not apply only to offences committed within the United States.

Mr. Bocock replied that he understood from a gentleman learned in the law, that the celebrated Lewis Baker, who committed an offence in New York, was pursued on the ocean by a vessel of the United States.

Mr. Keitt asked whether persons arrested without the limits of the United States would be amenable to any court in the country.

Mr. Bocock replied that separate power is given to the President over and above the bringing of them to trial. Power is given to prevent them from going to foreign shores, to war against countries with which we are at peace.

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, was pleased to see such a feeling manifested on the other side of the House against Executive encroachment on the rights of our citizens. He asked that the rule applied to the sea be applied to the land; for the army, during the last two years, had been employed in Kansas perpetrating outrage and injustice on the rights guaranteed to every freeman.

Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, trusted that this question would be discussed on its intrinsic merits, separated from Kansas, Utah, and all other

questions. He took it for granted that Messrs. Paulding and Chatard thought they had plenary power and ample instructions for the course they deemed proper to pursue. If they were acting under instructions of that character, they should not be reproached for obeying them.

Mr. Lovejoy, of Ill., said that, if the neutrality laws were changed, he would vote in favor of the measure. He protested against this attempt to elevate into power a buccaneer, murderer and pirate, who for years had been disturbing the peace of neighboring nations. As for the fact that Com. Paulding had authority to arrest, the President admits, who says Walker is a fugitive from justice, and escaped from jail. And now they were asked to bow to the magnanimity of the criminal who yielded to the officer. Great magnanimity, indeed, when a man can't help himself! That was done under the police arrangements every day. If they had to bow to every such a man as hero, they would soon exhaust their power of admiration.—(Laughter.) If Commodore Paulding had hung him to the yard arm he would have honored him for it. This is the treatment which such pirates ought to have dealt out to them. He entered his protest against clothing a man with heroism, and making him a martyr, when he is simply a rascal. (Laughter.)

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, understood the settled rule of international law to be, that every nation has a right to pursue its criminals on the high seas, and arrest them wherever found under its own flag, and, whenever it can be legitimately be done, under any other flag. The President says in his message that Walker escaped, and it was upon that ground that his arrest was made.

Without concluding the debate, the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 6th, Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill to further amend the act providing for the better security of the lives of passengers on board steam vessels.

The consideration of the bill was postponed till the first Tuesday in February.

Mr. Clingman, of N. C., from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a series of resolutions which were adopted, calling on the President to communicate, if in his opinion not incompatible with the public interests, the correspondence between the Secretary of State and Paraguay and New Granada, in any way affecting our differences with these governments; also, between the Secretary of State and Brazil, relative to the opening of the river Amazon and the negotiation of the reciprocity or other treaty; and all correspondence on the subject of our relations with Spain, not heretofore made public.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, on the President's message.

Mr. Sickles, of N. Y., wished to put on record, his dissent from some of the positions assumed yesterday by gentlemen in debate. If the members had been in a House of Representatives convened by Walker in Nicaragua, they could not have listened to sentiments more in union with the latter's theory of government, and more at war with our own, than they were compelled to listen to in this hall. They were told that the neutrality act of 1818, was unconstitutional and against the principles of our people; but as he had read the history of our country, he found the policy of that act was handed down from the days of Washington, and embodied in our statutes from that to the present time, and never dissented from by any administration or party. Had the gentlemen forgotten ex-Minister Crampton was dismissed because he committed acts violative of the neutrality laws? He supposed the whole country sustained the wisdom and firmness of the Executive in the enforcement of the traditional policy of the Government not to permit our citizens, or the representatives of any foreign power, great or small, to compromise the neutrality of the United States. In regard to nations with whom we are at peace, we have made treaties with various powers, in which we have entered into stipulations based on this very statute; that recently made with New Granada, and also, as rumor has it, with Nicaragua. He was surprised to hear it asserted that naval officers had not the right to go out on the high seas to capture violators of our laws. Had gentlemen forgotten that our government is in treaty stipulations to maintain a naval force, for the purpose of exercising police over all seas, and to suppress the infamous slave traffic? This policy has been recognized by all administrations and all parties, and he never heard it questioned before. Connected with every such expedition was the question of "intent." It would be an offence against the good sense of the House to attempt to add anything to argument so significant. That expedition fitted out by Walker was to make war and take life and property within the limits of Nicaragua, with whom we had just made a treaty of amity and friendship. Instantaneously on the landing of the expedition, acts of hostility were perpetrated, men shot down, and property seized. Every writer on international law calls such conduct robbery and murder. No man would go further to recognize the right of American citizens to emigrate to a foreign land. If they wished peaceably to go to Central America, let them go. He desired to see the Isthmus Americanized. But such expeditions as that of Walker, and such conduct, are not calculated to promote the interests of our people so far as they are connected with the interests of Central America. If the expedition was peaceful, as Walker informed Secretary Cass it would be, their ploughshares were turned into swords and their pruning hooks into spears with such quickness as to throw suspicion on the sincerity of their professions. The presumption always was in favor of the conduct of the officer in the performance of duty at a remote point, but this rule had been reversed, and all the charges against Commodore Paulding are asked to be taken as admitted truths. He did not want Paulding's act to be regarded as a precedent. There is no question but that, in a technical point of view, his act was illegal, and he exceeded his instructions. But he undoubtedly acted in accordance with what he believed was the spirit of his instructions, having a reasonable belief that the government regarded Walker's expedition as unlawful. Gentlemen must not forget that General Jackson passed into Spanish territory, arrested certain persons and hung them on the nearest tree. But he was not recalled in disgrace. The President is fully alive to the interests of our people, in connection with the Central American republics and the Isthmus, the highway of a large portion of the commerce of the world. He has shown every disposition to further these interests by the cultivation of kind and fraternal relations with these governments, with a view to Americanize them as far as he can and secure to our people all the advantages possible. Under these circumstances, was it anything but treason for men to organize lawless expeditions, and going there, to make war on republics with whom we are at peace?

Mr. Bliss' (of Ohio) intention was to call attention to another subject which had deep interest in the hearts of his countrymen. He did not mean the froth and outlaws of the cities, but the masses, who are interested in the perpetuation of our institutions. He meant to speak of what is commonly known as the Dred Scott decision, which the President has endorsed, and to which the official action of the Government has been conformed. That decision, he argued, was in utter disregard of the rights of man and the truth of history. When he reflected that the most absolute tyrants were the firm supporters of the law, he could feel no reverence for the judges who descended from their high position to crush Liberty under the color of the Constitution. Therein the double treachery exists. Without show of reason, in the face of all authorities, that sectional, irresponsible and prejudiced body, trusting to their irresponsibility, has sought to overthrow the laws. He entered, against the decision of the Supreme Court, his indignant protest. He believed God is the common Father, and made of one flesh all nations to dwell on the face of the earth, and that Christ is the Elder Brother, both of the Ethiopian and Caucasian. As a Democrat, he believed in the equality of all men before the law. As a legislator, instead of discriminating against the weak, he would defend them. The strong can defend themselves—the weak need a prop. By rigid edicts under that decision, a large class of citizens had been turned out of the Federal Courts, and from the public domain, and deprived of every constitutional right and guarantee. He concluded his argument by saying that all the citizens of each State are not entitled to the immunities and privileges of the several States, but are citizens of the United States.

Mr. Haskin, of New York, said that at the proper time he would go as far as any other member in favor of the suspension of the neutrality laws, but not for the reasons assigned by the gentleman from Mississippi, (Mr. Quitman,) in his speech yesterday. The act of 1818 was passed to meet a case of the character now before them, and it was a singular fact that in that very year, Arbuthnot and Ambrister were hung by General Jackson, as high as Haman. In his opinion, their conduct was not more reprehensible than that of Walker, toward a government with whom we were at peace. Many doubt the right of Commodore Paulding to seize Walker in Nicaragua, but if there is an inchoate treaty with Nicaragua, by which we are to protect the transit route, the directions of the President and Secretary of the Navy may sustain Paulding. The only party which can object to Commodore Paulding's conduct is Nicaragua, a weak power, and which commends the act. The gentleman from Georgia (Mr Stephens) yesterday said that Walker was a better man than Paulding. Mr. Haskin denied this assertion. After referring to the principal events in Walker's history, which did not place him in an enviable light, he spoke of Paulding in high terms of eulogy, saying he was a son of Paulding of Revolutionary memory, who, with Williams and Van Wirt, captured Major Andre and resisted his proffered bribe, which, if accepted, would have placed them in affluent circumstances. The Paulding of that day had no warrant from the Continental Congress to authorize the arrest. [Laughter.]

Mr. John Cochrane, of New York, wanted to know whether offences against the law of nations run in the family.

Mr. Haskin repeated that Paulding has a right to be more proud of his ancestry than any of the monarchs of Europe of theirs. He had been in the service forty years, and worked himself up to the highest position in it. It was, therefore, ungenerous to say that Walker was a better man than Paulding. No act under this administration, since the inauguration of the President, was more worthy of commendation than that of Paulding and he hoped the responsible majority of the House would not fritter away its consequences. The thanks of Congress and a medal were eminently due to Paulding. He remarked that while he was against individual filibustering, he was a national filibuster. He was a believer in the Monroe doctrine, and wanted the doctrines of the Ostend Manifesto applied.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, wanted to know whether the gentleman from New York (Mr. Haskin) was in favor of the nation, instead of individuals, breaking its faith.

Mr. Haskin replied that when the nation will take the responsibility of seizing Cuba and suspending the neutrality laws, he would go for it with that gentleman. The feeling of national Democrats is right. They believe they came by it naturally from the mother country. They believe the government should, by conquest, do certain things. But this business of Walker was "petty larceny." He (Mr. Haskin) was in favor of "national grand larceny," [laughter] and declared himself a "hard shell" Democrat.

Mr. Stephens, in explanation, said he had cast no imputation on Commodore Paulding further than his arrest justified: that it was without law or the color of law. On that Paulding was to stand. It was a great outrage. It might be that Commodore Paulding's father refused a bribe; if that gives credit to his son, let it be so. The gentleman had spoken of the miserable condition of Walker's men, whom he saw last spring. What placed them in such an unfortunate condition he did not know, but he heard some one say that those at Norfolk were poor, lazy and lousy. [Laughter.] He believed they were last seen in company with officers of the navy; whether they got the contagion or the vermin from them he did not know. He would stand on what he had said. Walker's arrest was a great outrage against private rights and ought to be redressed.

Mr. Haskin replied that although Commodore Paulding's conduct might have been without authority, there were abundant precedents to show that the American Congress and people have sustained acts morally right but technically wrong. He instanced the case of the declaration of martial law by General Jackson at New Orleans. General Jackson afterward became President, and Congress subsequently justified the act by paying back to him the fine.

Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, said that Mr. Stephens had spoken of some of Walker's men as lazy and lousy, and remarked that they were last seen in company with certain naval officers. He (Mr. Bocock) wished merely to observe that his position in this and the former Congress had brought him in contact with naval officers. He had never found any of them in the condition represented. If the gentleman from Georgia had, all he would say was that he was sorry for the association.

Mr. Gilmer, of North Carolina, had seen nothing as yet which could justify the course of the argument involving so much criticism on the gentleman whose history and character showed him to be a praiseworthy officer of the navy. When the documents called for are communicated to Congress, it would be found that this was not a case justifying censure. He had no doubt, from the history of the past two years, that Paulding acted under instructions. He dissented from Mr. Stephens in the view that there was any impropriety in giving such instructions after Walker had furnished bail to answer a criminal charge. In his opinion, there was an increased necessity after Walker's escape to issue instructions to the naval and federal officers to exercise additional vigilance. He humorously ridiculed the idea of sending Walker back in a national vessel and paying his expenses.

The Committee then rose and the House adjourned.

On the 7th, the following committee were appointed to inquire into the circumstances attending the sale of Fort Snelling: Messrs. Burnett, Morris of Illinois, Murrell, Faulkner and Pettit.

The 8th being the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, it was agreed that when the House adjourn, it be till Monday next.

The House then went into committee on the President's annual message.

Mr. Thayer, of Massachusetts, maintained that if the people wish, they can and shall Americanize Central America: but it should not, however, be done in a way that would tarnish the national honor by violating treaty stipulations and the laws of the United States, but in accordance with the highest laws, both human and divine. He especially regretted that Mr. Haskin yesterday proclaimed himself in favor of "grand larceny." A meaner thing cannot be said of it than to call it by its own name. He was grieved that any party should be in favor of either "grand" or "petty larceny." It was not only disgraceful, but utterly contemptible. The only proper way to Americanize Central America was by an organized emigration. This might have been done within the last three years if there had been no neutrality laws and without Executive interference. He wanted other neutrality laws so plain, that every man knows whether he is right or wrong. The South, owing to its sparse population, cannot afford to spare its citizens, but the North, in consequence of a superabundant population, must have an outlet to go somewhere. Something must be opened to the descendants of the Pilgrims. [Laughter.]

They were now crammed in between the Atlantic Ocean and the Rocky Mountains. A better time than this could not be desired for Americanizing Central America. In consequence of the financial pressure, Europe will send to our shores, during the present year, not less than half a million of men, who, together with the quarter million of the surplus people in the North, must go somewhere. These are enough to make eight States a year, if we have the territory where they can be placed, and used economically, which was sure to be done. [Laughter.] He repeated, if you repeal the neutrality laws, the North will fill up Nicaragua before the year 1859, and that comfortably.

After setting forth the benefits to result from emigration to Central America, with their subsoil ploughs, shovels, hoes and seeds, he said that the country would not complain if emigration would be promoted and encouraged by a company with a capital of from two to five hundred thousand dollars which could spread through the country information, showing what are the natural resources of Central America, and the inducements to emigrate thither.

Mr. Adrian, of New Jersey, trusted the neutrality laws would be amended so as to more effectually check the marauding spirit which, in disregard of all laws, has interfered disastrously with the transit route between the two oceans. Suppose Commander Paulding did bring Gen. Walker back: his motives and intentions were right, and knowing what the Government desired, he accomplished it. Walker and his men, he trusted, never would return, and they should be restrained from so doing. Peaceful emigration was the only legitimate way to settle Nicaragua. He said Mr. Haskin went a little too far in proclaiming that the Northern sentiment is in favor of grand larceny. It was not the sentiment of New Jersey, whose people are honest, and believed in good morals. They did not approve of grand any more than petty larceny.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, made a speech to show that Messrs. Douglas, Cass, and other prominent statesmen, who were instrumental in the passage of the Nebraska Kansas Bill, claimed that the doctrine of popular sovereignty gave the people of the Territory the right to legislate on all their domestic institutions, while the President maintained that the slavery question only was to be submitted for their judgment. Mr. Washburne argued that Congress has the right to legislate on slavery in the Territories, and that the Administration never intended that the people of Kansas should decide that question for themselves. In the course of his remarks he reviewed and earnestly condemned the Lecompton movement, which was founded on fraud and injustice.

The committee then rose and the House adjourned till Monday.

LITERARY ITEMS.—We are pleased to learn that the plates and copy-right of Irving's illustrated works have been purchased from George P. Putnam, of New York, their late owner, by the enterprising publishers, Messrs. Childs & Peterson, of this city. We are glad that the works are now owned here, for having been originally published in Philadelphia, the copyright should have remained with us. Nothing can prove much more valuable property than the copy-rights of so vastly popular an author as Washington Irving.—*Press.*

☞ How many men live on the reputation of the reputations they might have made.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Jan 9.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour—The sales are 6500 bbls at $4,25@4,35 for common to good State; $4,50@4,75 for extra do; $4,45@4,40 for superfine Indiana and Michigan; $4,50@5,15 for extra do; $4,65@5,25 for common to good extra Ohio; $5,25@6,50 for good to choice do. $5,25@7 25 for St Louis brands, and $5,30@7 50 for extra Genesee. Wheat—The sales are 900 bush red Southern at $1,10 for fair; 1000 do fair white do at $1,22½; 2100 bush Chicago spring at 85c; 300 bushels white Michigan at $1 20, and 500 bushels white Kentucky at $1,25. Corn 86c

COTTON continues quiet, but firm. We continue to quote—

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.

	Uplands.	Florida	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	none	none	none	none
Middling	9¾	9¾	9¾	9¾
Middling fair	9¾	9¾	none	none
Fair	10	10¼	none	none

COFFEE—Continues very steady; the transactions are 300 mats Java at 10c; 200 bags Rio at 8¾@10½c; and 330 bags Savanilla, on private terms.

MOLASSES—is still quiet; we only heard of sales of 50 bbls New Orleans at 35c.

SUGARS—Are rather heavy; sales of 100 hhds Cuba at 6@6½c

HOPS—Are inactive at 5@5c for common to good, and 9c for choice 1857's.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 200 bbls of Pork at $13@13,10 for mess, $11,85 for old do, $17@17,25 for clear, and $12@12,25 for prime.

WHISKEY—The market is quite heavy, buyers and inactive; sales of 100 bbls. at 21c@22c, closing at the latter rate.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY

By R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS Nos. 722 and 720 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ℔	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chp ℔	8 a10
Sirloin steak	12 a14	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump do	10 a12	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a 5
Chuck pieces	8 a12	Whole carcass	8 a 9
Plates and navels		Veal.	
Corned	6 a10	Fore quarter ℔	8
Tongues, fresh	6½ a75	Hind do	11
Leg, each	31 a37½	Chop	12½
Shin	25 a40	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver ℔	6	Pork.	
Dried Beef ℔	16 a18	Young Pigs	$1 25 a1 50
Lamb.		Split and fresh ℔	12 a 14
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Feet ℔ set	18¾ a 31
Hind do	1 00@1 12½	Tripe ℔ lb	4 a 6
Chop ℔ lb.	12½ a25	Lard do	13 a 15
Calves Head, each	25 a31	Ham, sliced	11 a 15
		Sausage	10 a 12
		Bologna Sausages	16 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	25 a 46	S't Pots'oes ℔ box	$1 25a1 75
do ℔ pk	12½a 14	do do ℔ bbl	a
Beets bunch	4 a 5	Corn potatoes bu	1 50 a1 75
do h'd	3 a 10	Cabbage bbl	87½a1 12½
Salad head	1 a 5	Onions bus	— a1 50
		Carrots doz	12

FRUIT.

Apples ℔ bkt	56a1 00	Cranberries qt	10 a 12
do bf pk	12½a 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens ℔ pair	31 a 37	Sab Pig'ns pair	25 a 31
Chickens ℔ pair	37 a 1 25	Woodcock	75 a 1 00
Pheasants	75 a 87½	Frogs doz	25 a 50
Snipe, sand	37½	Canvas Back Ducks	2@2 25
		Partridges pair,	18@25

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin (South) do	25 a2 00	Oysters, Absecom ℔ bkt	18 a 25
do (Ches & Del)	6 a8 00	do ℔ M	4 a5 00
Lobsters ℔	8 a 10	M Bay Cove M	3 a5 00
Clams M	2 a2 50	N Y do ℔ bbl	1@a2 00

FISH.

Halibut ℔	10 a12	Perch bunch	6@12½
Bass	6 a 9	Catfish	12
Porgies	— a 8	Eels	6 a12½
Flounders	— a 6	Salt Shad ℔	12
Cod	5 a 8	Mackerel	12
Blackfish	— a	Dry Cod	4 a 6
White Fish	— a 8	Sm'kd Herring bunch	2
Rock	10 a12		

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter ℔	28 a35	Honey ℔	10 a25
Roll do	16 a20	Sponge cake	2 a 3
Eggs doz	20 a22		

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 232 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Reading	29	29½
U S 6 pr ct			Minehill	60	61
" " '52	—	—	Har & Lan	34	34½
" " '67	111½	—	Chester Val	61	5
" " '68	111½	—	Tioga	—	—
" " '75	—	—	" preferred	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct	89½	89½	P W & Balt	20½	21
" " new	95	95½	Long Island	10	10½
" " "	73	—	Wil'sport & Elmira	9½	10
Cam City 6 pr ct	—	—	Catawissa	5½	6
Pitts 6 pr ct	—	—	CANAL STOCKS.		
" " coupon	—	—	Sch Nav	9½	10¾
All'ny City 6 pr ct	—	—	" preferred	16½	18½
" County	—	—	Lehigh Nav	50	51
Alle co R R's	95	98	Morris consolidated	42	43
Penn			" preferred	95	97
" 5 "	93½	93¾	C & Del	—	—
" " coupon	92	93	Union	—	—
Tenn 6 pr ct	92	92½	Sus & Tidewater	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	95	96	BANK STOCKS.		
Penn RR 6 pr ct	93	96	North Amer	124½	125
2d m'rt loan '65	79½	80	Penna	100	101½
C & Am M 6 pr ct	62	65	Phila	120	122
P & M RR "	56	58	Far & Mec	82	83½
Reading RR "	74½	75	Commercial	44	46
" " m'rt "	88	88	N Liberty	80	82
" " 5 pr ct 1866	87½	88	Mechanics	24	24½
R & Lan RR "	83½	—	Southwark	80	90
Che Val RR "	—	97	N Township	23	—
Tioga RR "	75	80	Kensington	—	40
Phil Wil & Bal			Girard	9½	9¾
'60 RR 6 pr ct	96	97	Western	—	—
Long I RR "	—	—	Mon & Mech	23	25
Sch Nav '82 "	59½	59	Commerce	—	—
Lehigh Nav "	88	91	Tradesmen's	—	—
Mort "	93½	96	City	97½	98
C & D C I "	63½	67	Consolidation	—	—
Sus & Tid '73 "	66	67½	Commonwealth	10	11
Union Canal	28	30	Corn Exchange	—	—
Will'msp & Elmira			Penn Township	—	55
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	55	—	M & M Ptts	40	—
2d " 7 pr ct	42	46	Ex'se Ptts	48	—
Catawissa	40	45	Kentucky	102	—
North Penn 6 pr ct	50½	51	Northern, Ky	105	—
RAILROAD STOCK.			Louisville, Ky	105	106
Cam & Amboy	84½	100	Farmers, Ky	108	110
Penna	60	60½	Union, Nash, Tenn	—	98
Sus Meadow	52	52½	Giant's, Tenn	—	103
North Penna	9	—	Com & R Vicks	44	—
Phil Ger & No	55	56	M O Gas Lt	118	118

THE French medical men who have visited Lisbon to study the late epidemic, have come to the conclusion that it originated in the filthy condition of the city.

NO ACTION has been taken by the Navy Department to court martial Capt. Chatard for neglecting to prevent the landing of the filibusters at Punta Arenas.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been excessively dull during the past week, notwithstanding the encouraging advices from abroad, and to effect sales, holders have been compelled to accede to a further concession of 25c ℔ bbl. The sales for export only comprise 5000 bbls at $4,62½ for superfine; $4 70@5 for extra, and $5,50@6,50 for extra family and fancy lots, including 200 bbls scraped at $7. The sales for the supply of the retailers and bakers have been limited within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been dull; small sales of the former at $3 75, which is a decline. The latter is held at $3 ℔ bbl, with sales of 200 bbls at this rate.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been small, and the demand, except for prime lots, has been limited. Sales of 13,000 bush at $1@1,15 ℔ bushel for inferior and prime Southern and Penna red, and $1,18@1,30 for white, including some choice lots of Kentucky at the latter quotation. Rye has been in steady demand and 3000 bush Penna and Delaware sold at 70c. Corn comes forward very slowly, and is in moderate demand at an advance of 2c ℔ bush. Sales of 20,000 bush new yellow at 54@56c, according to dryness, some old yellow at 65c, and new white at 58@59c. Oats have been dull, about 6000 bush sold at 31@31c ℔ 4w b for southern, and 31@33c for Penna.

PROVISIONS—The receipts of all descriptions have been very small since our last notice, and there has been a very limited business transacted. Of Pork the stock is extremely light, but prices have again declined. Sales of Western Mess at $15,62½@15,75, and Prime at $14,75 ℔ bbl, cash and 60 days. There is no inquiry for City Packed Mess Beef, for shipment, and the sales are only to small lots for ship stores at $17, cash. Western Beef is not wanted. Bacon is quiet. Sides and Shoulders continue very scarce, and of Hams the stock is quite small. Sales of the latter are making, in lots as wanted, at 10 to 12c ℔ lb, cash and 60 days, for plain and fancy canvassed. In Bulk Meats the transactions have been limited, in consequence of the absence of supplies. Sales of 100 casks; pickled Hams at 9¾@10¼c; a few Sides at 8c, and Shoulders at 6¾@6¾c ℔ lb, cash and short time. Lard—The receipts are light, but ample for the demand, and prices are drooping. Sales of 150 barrels at 9¾@9¾, and 500 kegs at 11¾c ℔ lb, 60 days. A lot in mixed packages sold below our lowest quotations, and some Jersey at 11c. Butter meets a very limited inquiry. Sales of solid packed at 14@15c, and Roll at 18@22c ℔ lb, cash, which is a decline. Cheese is unchanged. Eggs sell at 17c ℔ dozen.

BARK—There has been more inquiry for Quercitron Bark, and further sales of 34 hhds No 1, (about all that could be had) were made at $26 ℔ ton. In Tanner's Bark nothing doing.

BEESWAX—There is but little inquiry. Small sales of Yellow at 27@28c ℔ lb, cash.

BONE—There has been nothing doing in Whalebone.

CANDLES—Sperm are dull at 42c ℔ lb, on time. There have been further sales of 1000 boxes city manufactured Adamantine at 19@20c ℔ lb, on time.

COAL—Continues dull. There is very little demand either for shipment or home consumption, but the receipts have fallen off, and we continue our former quotations. Freights to the Eastward continue to rule low, but there are very few orders coming in from that quarter.

COFFEE—The market has been extremely quiet, but prices are well sustained; sales of 500 bags Rio at 9¾@11c ℔ lb, on time; 2219 bags ditto, by auction, sold at 9¾@11¾c; averaging $10,11¾50 bags Maracaibo at 11¾c; and 48 bags damaged St. Domingo at 9 cents.

COPPER—There is no demand for either English Sheathing of Yellow Metal, and we continue our former quotations.

COTTON—The market has been very much unsettled during the past week, and in some instances prices have fallen off full ½c ℔ lb. There has been rather more doing, and about 4000 bales Upland and New Orleans sold at 9¾@11¾c ℔ lb, cash and on short time.

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions have been limited. Among them were 100 casks Soda Ash at 2¾@3c, 6 mos, and some Bleaching Powders on private terms.

FEATHERS—There is very little inquiry. We quote Western at 43@45c ℔ lb, on time.

FISH—There has been very little demand for any description. The sales of Mackerel have been confined to small lots from store at $10,25@10,50 ℔ bbl for medium No 1s; $9,50@10 for No 2s, and $9 for No 3s. Pickled Herring are dull at $3 50. Codfish sell slowly at $3,25@3,50. 2500 qtls of the latter sold on private terms.

FRUIT—Prices remain without change. Retailers are held with more firmness, but the demand has fallen off. Sales at $2,25@2,30 ℔ box, and half and quarter boxes at proportionate rates. The market, thus far, has been poorly supplied with Dried Fruit. Dried Apples are selling from 6½ to 7c; unpared Peaches at 9@11c for quarters and halves, and 14@15c for pared—the latter are very scarce. Green Apples range from $3 to 4,50 ℔ bbl, and Cranberries from $6 to 9.

GINSENG—There is but little offering, and no sales of either Crude or Clarified have come under our notice.

GUANO—The sales have been unimportant, and prices continue as last quoted.

HEMP—Is not inquired after, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—Continue very dull, and no sales have reported.

HOPS—Are steady at our last quotations, but there is very little demand. Small sales of new crop Eastern and Western at 6@11c ℔ lb.

INDIGO—Is held very firmly, but there is nothing doing.

IRON—Continues extremely dull, and prices are about nominal for all descriptions. Small sales of No. 1 Anthracite at $24 ℔ ton, on time, and $22,50, cash. There have been no transactions in Scotch Pig for a month past. Charcoal Blooms are held at $20, 6 mos, but there is no demand for them. Best quality Boiler Plates are steady at 5c and No 2 at 3¾@4c.

LEAD—Has been very quiet, and no sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—The demand continues limited for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, but prices are unchanged.

LUMBER—Is but little inquired after, and the transactions have been of an unimportant character.

MOLASSES—The market has been extremely quiet since our last notice, but prices remain without change. Sales of 100 bbls new crop New Orleans at 37½c, on time; 24 hhds Porto Rico by auction at 18¾@27½c, and 125 barrels New York Syrup at 35c, cash. There is a steady demand for City Sugar House Syrup at our quotations.

NAVAL STORES—But little doing. Among the sales were 200 bbls Fine Rosin at 61 ℔ bbl, cash; 100 bbls No 1 at $3,56; No. 2 at $3, and Common at $1 40. Tar and Pitch sell slowly at our quotations. For Spirits of Turpentine the demand is limited, and prices are one cent ℔ gallon lower. Sales at 41@42c, cash and short time.

OILS—A sale of Red Oil was made at 60c ℔ gallon, cash. There has been a steady store demand for Fish Oils within the range of our quotations. Linseed Oil is held less firmly, and further sales have been made at 56@53c, cash. There is very little Lard Oil here, and but little coming forward. Sales of No. 1 at 97c@ 98c, on time.

PLASTER—There is little or none offering, and no sales have come under our notice.

RICE—The demand continues limited, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 100 casks at 3¾@3¾c ℔ lb, cash and on time.

SALT—Prices continue as last quoted. An invoice of 600 sacks Liverpool Fine, and two cargoes of Turks Island, sold on terms kept private.

SEEDS—In Timothy and Flaxseed there has been nothing doing. There is a steady demand for Clover-seed at $5 ℔ 64 lbs, but supplies come in very slowly; 25,000 lbs sold from second hands, for export from New York, on terms kept secret.

SPICES—There has been nothing doing worthy of notice.

SPIRITS—There has been a limited inquiry for Brandy and Gin, without change in prices. N. E. Rum sells at 47@50c. Whiskey—The demand is limited. Sales of 200 barrels Pennsylvania at 21c; Ohio and Prison at 22¾@22c; hhds at 21¾c, and Drudge at 20¾@21c.

SUGAR—The market has been quiet, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 200 hhds Cuba at 6¾@7¾c; 283 hhds new crop New Orleans—the first of the season—at 6¾@8¾c, and 200 boxes Havana Brown at 7c ℔ lb, on time.

TALLOW—Continues scarce, and is held firmly at 11c ℔ lb, cash, for City Rendered, and 10c for Country.

TEAS—The sales have been limited, and without change in prices.

TOBACCO—There is some inquiry for Manufactured, but Leaf is entirely neglected.

WINES—The transactions have been unimportant.

WOOL—There has been rather more inquiry for the supply of the Eastern manufacturers, and the market is firmer.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS. *No 39 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 9, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	1½ dis	Solvent banks	2½ dis
Relief notes	par	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	2½ dis
Solvent banks	par to 5 dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	2 dis
Solvent banks	½ to par	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	2 dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	3 to 4 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	2 dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	2 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	par	State bank	2 dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	6 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	2 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	par	Old banks	2 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	2 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	2½ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	3 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bk, Galveston	20 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	5½ dis		
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	1 dis		

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 181—Adults 80, and children 101.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St, Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

"HAVE YOU A SLIGHT COLD, A COUGH, OR pain in your breast?" This is a simple question; so simple that the reader may feel inclined to pass it by, without answering it, or even reading this short article. Now we earnestly, but respectfully, ask you to do both. Many of our most important duties are small, depending on things which in themselves alone considered, are trifles, but taken in connection with their consequences, lead to mighty results. What consequence daily ensue from what is called "a neglected Cold or Cough?"

Go into yonder chamber, and see how anxiously that mother watches her darling son! The disease which might have been arrested in its incipient stage, has been permitted to rest, until it has fastened its fangs deep in his system. Still some of the symptoms are deemed by the sufferer's constitution has not been weakened by intemperance, by irregularity of any kind, or by any previous attacks; so the chance of recovery is in his favor. He still sinks; but all maladies have their crisis, and she thinks every night that surely he will be better to-morrow. With what tender solicitude does she minister to the wants of his sick bed! How she watches his looks, and anticipates every wish of his heart. Day after day passes, and her hopes wax fainter and fainter. Every look of the attending physician is watched with an agony that has left its print upon her pallid cheek. At last the features of her son assume the rigid and sunken aspect of death, and she sees the dim glare of the eye, before it shuts in everlasting rest.

He breathes his last upon that fondest of all food bosoms—a mother's—and the strongest tie that bound her heart to earth seems snapt in twain! Is this fancy or is it fact? Fact, we answer, and yet in thousands of cases these lamentable results might be prevented by the timely use of an appropriate medicine. For nearly one-third of a century Jayne's Expectorant has been a standard remedy for all pulmonary affections, each year adding to its popularity by the thousands who have been cured by its use. To the afflicted we therefore say, get a bottle of this Expectorant, and by its use avoid the fearful consequences of a "NEGLECTED COLD."

The Expectorant is prepared only by

MY FISHING ADVENTURE.

The Marquis of B——, whom I call "B." in conversation with strangers, is a good friend of mine, who has known me for many years. If he met me in the market-place of our borough his lordship would, I am sure, say: "How d'ye do?" or "How are you?" and thank me, perhaps, for the pains I took about the return of his second son. I have dined more than once at the Hall, during election-time, and his lordship has not failed to observe to me: "A glass of wine with you?" or, "Will you join us, my dear sir?" quite confidentially upon each occasion: the words may be nothing, indeed, but his lordship's manner is such that I protest that when he speaks to me I feel as if *I had had the wine!* Well, only a month ago he sent me a card, permitting me to have one day's fishing in his home preserves. Piscator tried to persuade me to give it up to *him*, but I said "No," because he can catch fish anywhere, and I do not possess that faculty: so he gave me the most minute directions overnight, and lent me his famous book of flies, and his best rod.

How beautiful looked the grand old park upon that August morning! The deer—

In copse and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail—

cropping with reverted glance the short, rich herbage, or bounding across the carriage drives in herds; the mighty oak trees, shadowing half an acre each; the sedgy pools, with water-fowl rising from their rims with sudden cry: and the winding brooks, where shot the frequent trout from side to side. Now from their right banks I fished—now from their left: and now, regretful that I did not borrow Piscator's boots, I strode, with turned-up trowsers, in the very bed of the stream: still, I could not touch a fin. I began to think that my uncle had given me, out of envy, wrong directions, and provided me with impossible flies. At last I came upon a large, brown pool, with a tumbling fall: and "Now," cried I aloud, "for a tremendous trout, or never!"

"Never," cried a hoarse voice, with provincial accent: "I'm dang'd if thee isn't a cool hand, anyway."

This was the keeper. I saw how the case stood at once, and determined to have a little sport of some kind, at all events.

"Hush, my good man," I whispered, "don't make a noise; I have reason to believe that there are fish here."

"Woot thee coom out of t'stream (it was up to my waist,) or maun I coom in and fetch thee?"

"No," said I blandly, "don't come in on any account, the least splash would be fatal; stay not where you are, and I dare say you will see me catch one in this very spot. It's beautiful weather."

I got out upon one bank, as the giant, speechless with rage, slipped in from the other. When he had waded half-way across—

"Do you think I am poaching, my good man?" inquired I innocently.

"I knawa thee is," quoth the keeper, adding a violent expletive.

"Well, I have a card here from my friend B.," said I, "which I should have thought was quite sufficient."

"Thy friend B.," roared the other sarcastically, "let me get at thee."

"Yes," said I, "old B. of the Hall; don't you know him"—the marquis."

The dripping savage was obliged to confess that my ticket of permission was genuine.

"But how do I knaw as thee beest the right man as is named here?" urged he obstinately.

A cold sweat began to bedew me, for I had not thought it necessary to bring out my visiting-cards.

"Right man," cried I indignantly; "of course I am, why not?"

"Of coorse, why of coorse," sneered the brutal ruffian, "thee must coom along with me."

A bright thought suddenly flashed across me: "Look here, my good man; look at my pocket-handkerchief: J. P.: ain't those the right initials? Confound you, would you like to see the tail of my shirt also? I'll tell B. of you, as sure as you live." At which the giant, convinced against his will, left me in peace.

I fished until dewy eve, and still caught nothing. At last, in the near neighborhood of the Hall itself, I came upon a little pond environed by trees: the fish were so numerous in it, that they absolutely darkened the water. I had only just lodged my fly upon the surface, and behold! I caught and easily landed a magnificent carp: again, and a trout of at least six pounds rewarded me; a third time, and I hooked another carp: and so on. I was intoxicated with my success. In the couple of hours of daylight which yet remained to me, I filled not only Piscator's largest fishing-basket, but my pockets also. "What will my uncle say to this?" thought I. He did not know what to say. We dined, we supped, we breakfasted off the very finest: we spent the next morning in despatching the next best in baskets to distant friends. I was the hero of the family for four-and-twenty hours, although Piscator tried to make out that it was all owing to the excellence of his flies. At four o'clock on the following afternoon, however, arrived my friend the keeper, taller than ever, pale with passion, more inimical-looking than on the day before.

"Well, thee hast about been and done it, with thy ticket and thy friend B.," quoth he.

"Yes," said I, cheerfully, "you're right: I rather flatter myself I have. Sixty-seven pounds of fish, my man" (triumphantly).

"Sixty-seven pounds!" said he, with a ghastly grin.

"Ay," said I, "not an ounce less: thirty pounds of carp, twenty pounds of trout, and seventeen pounds of—I'm hanged if I know what fish."

"Thirty pounds of carp, twenty pounds of trout, and seventeen pounds of he's hanged if he knows what fish," repeated the keeper, as if he was going to cry.

"Yes," added I: "and all out of one little bit of a pond."

"Pond!" cried Piscator, entering the room at this juncture, "you never told me anything about a pond, Bob."

"Well—no," said I, blushing a little. "I confess I thought it better to say stream. I did catch them in the pond close by the Hall."

"Why, you're been fishing in the marquis's private stew, Bob!" cried my uncle, horror-struck.

"Yes," cried the keeper, blowing into his fists, as if preparing for a murderous assault upon my countenance: "he's been a-fishing in the stew-pond, in his friend B.'s private stew."

And this was the only really good day's fishing I ever had.

THE VISIONS OF ARSENIUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Arsenius heard a voice that cried: "Come see
The burdensome folly of humanity!"
And when Arsenius in the free air stood,
He saw a Moor, who hastily gathered wood
Into a fagot, which with heave and shift,
Full often he would strive in vain to lift;
Yet ever added more and more thereto.
Again he went, and saw a man that drew
Deep water in a sieve; it all rained through,
And not a drop he bore beyond the well.
Again, he saw two knights, that rode pell-mell,
With beaming spears against a temple door;
Tremendous were the shocks, given o'er and o'er;
Vain all! for each impetuous warrior
Fell back from each assault—remained out evermore
Then cried Arsenius: "Tell me, Lord, I pray,
What mean the visions I have seen to day?
My doubts are quickened; make my heart secure!"
Then came the answer: "The dull fool, the Moor,
Heaping the fagot which he could not raise,
Is one who will not put off evil ways,
But still keeps adding new sins to the old,
To crush his heart.
The man who sought to hold
Water within a sieve, is one who would
Serve God, but still does evil with the good;
Hence all his life becomes an idle lie;
Lost labor, lost the fruit of good thereby.
The knights, with fury fierce though impotent,
Striving to rend the temple doors, are meant
To signify those fools who trust to force
With proud tumultuous hands, Heaven's golden doors;
Vain! vain! humility, truth, love—these three—
To those high portals are the only key.
—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

MISPRINTS.—A rather droll misprint occurs in a quarto edition of the Prayer Book, printed by John Archdeacon, printer to the University of Cambridge, 1778. By the insertion of a superfluous "s," the 10th verse of the 105th Psalm is made to read—"Their land brought forth frogs, yea *seven* in their king's chambers." Certainly rather a circumstantial account of one of the plagues of Egypt.—*Notes and Queries.*

Wit and Humor.

ANECDOTE OF TRISTAM BURGESS

Oliver H. Smith, of Indiana, in one of his Reminiscences, published in the Indianapolis Journal, tells the following story:

During the debate in Congress on the tariff, in 1828, an amendment was offered to increase the duty on molasses ten cents per gallon, being an increase of a hundred per cent., ad valorem. Its object was to choke off the northern members, and indirectly to kill the bill. The moment the amendment was announced by the chairman, in committee of the whole, Mr. Burgess, of R. I., arose and implored the mover to withdraw it. He showed its effects upon the trade between the eastern States and the adjacent islands, in timber and the return cargoes of molasses, which was the daily food of the poor. His speech was short and to the point. As he took his seat, Henry Daniel, of Kentucky, sprung to his feet and roared out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Speaker, let the constituents of the gentleman from Rhode Island sop their bread on one side in molasses, and they will pay the same duties they do now." Mr. Bartlett, of New Hampshire, remarked to me: "Now look out for Tristam, Harry will catch it." Mr. Burgess arose with fire beaming from his countenance, and addressed the chair. "The relief proposed by the gentleman from Kentucky is but adding insult to injury. Does not that gentleman know that established *habits become second nature, and that all laws* are cruel and oppressive that strike at the innocent habits of the people? To illustrate, what would they think of me if I should offer an amendment that neither himself nor his constituents shall hereafter have more than a pint of whiskey for breakfast instead of a quart? Does he not know that the disposition of all animals partakes, *in a greater or less* degree, of the food on which they are fed? The horse is noble, kind, and graceful; he is fed on grain and grass. The bear (looking at Daniel, who was a heavy, short man, dressed in a blue coat, with a velvet collar) will eat hog and raw hominy. You can domesticate him, dress him in a blue coat with a velvet collar, learn him to stand erect, and to imitate the human voice as some showman have done, but examine him closely, sir, (looking at Daniel some seconds,) you will discover he is the bear still. The gentleman told us, in a speech some days ago, that his district produced large numbers of jackasses, hogs and mules. No stronger proof of the truth of his statement can be given than a look at its representative."

Daniel wilted under the sarcasm, and few members afterwards felt disposed to arouse the eminent son of Rhode Island.

ONE OF THE WIDOWS.—The Montgomery Mail tells the following, and we are glad to learn from the same authoritative source that there was no backing out in the matter:

"We have a bachelor friend that we think much of, who was cunningly entrapped an evening or two ago. He was industriously plying with his attentions, a young and very handsome widow, when some one remarked that Miss Blank—a very lovely young lady by the way—was without an attendant. "I can't leave," said Cœlebs, "I'm *engaged!*" "Oh," exclaimed the widow with charming naivete, "I did not think we had gone as *far as that!*"

WHAT IS IT.—A western pettifogger once broke forth in the following indignant strain:—

"Sir, we're enough for ye, the hull of ye. Me and my client can't never be intimidated nor tyranized over; mark that! And, sir, just so sure as this court decides against us, we'll file a writ of progander, sir, and we—"

Here he was interrupted by the opposite counsel who wanted to know what he meant by a writ of progander?

"Mean? why, sir, a writ of progander is a—a—a—it's a—wal, I don't just remember the exact word, but it's what'll knock thunder out of your one-horse courts any-how."

THE HEIGHT OF INGRATITUDE.—When Duchenois, the celebrated French actress died, a person met an old man who was one of her most intimate friends. He was pale, confused, awe-stricken. Every one was trying to console him, but in vain. "Her loss," he exclaimed, "does not affect me so much as her horrible ingratitude. Would you believe it? she died without leaving me anything in her will—I, who have *dined with her, at her own house, three times a week for thirty years.*"

CIVILIZATION IN THE ENGLISH MINING DISTRICTS.

(Young Curate finds a Miner sitting on a Gate, smoking.)

CURATE *(desirous to ingratiate himself with one of his flock)* A fine morning, my friend.

ONE OF HIS FLOCK *gives the slightest nod, and a grunt, and spits.*

CURATE *(supposing that he has not been heard).* A fine morning, my good friend.

ONE OF HIS FLOCK. Did I say it warn't? Do you want to hargue, you beggar?

—*From the London Punch.*

FOOLISH EDUCATION.—Women are brought up to think only of love from their very childhood; their grace, their decking out, their science, their conversation—all their instruction, has that only in view. Their governesses make no other impression on them, even by continually warning them against it. My daughter, my only child, is of a marriageable age; but she is of a tardy complexion, slight and soft, and has been brought up by her mother in a very private and reserved way, so that she is only just beginning to lose the *naïveté* of childhood. She was reading the other day a French book before me: a word capable of a coarse, double meaning, occurred; her governess instantly stopped her short, rather roughly, and made her skip the passage. I let her alone, not to interfere with their rules, for I don't meddle in that business. Feminine police works in a mysterious way, which we must let alone: but I am very much mistaken if intercourse with twenty lackeys would have been able to impress upon the girl's fancy in six months the intelligence, the use, and all the consequences of the sound of those rascally syllables so completely as did this good old woman by her reprimand and her interdiction!—*Montaigne's Essays*—1580.

FANATICISM OF CIVIL WAR.—One of the chronicles of Spoletto, relating to the civil wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibbilines, contains the following horrible picture of political fanaticism carried to the extreme verge of ferocity: When the Ghibbilines were burning the houses of their adversaries, a woman, who had married a Guelph, and had two sons, seeing her own brother about to fire her dwelling, ascended to the top of the tower with her children, and thence implored his compassion. *He promised her salvation only on condition* that she would throw the two young Guelphs down into the flames; but the mother's love was stronger than the fear of death, and she perished with her sons.

Agricultural.

CHICKEN MEAT CHEAPER THAN PORK.

Everybody loves chicken, roasted, boiled, fricasseed, or broiled. By itself, or in pie, it is pronounced first-rate by all who ever sat down to a Thanksgiving dinner of the olden time. But chickens always taste of the silver if you buy them, and if you raise them, they are thought to cost more than they come to. "Very nice is chicken, but the dearest food upon the farm." Poultry is more plague than profit, and the less care bestowed upon them the better." This has not been my experience. I intercede for the "biddies," and beg for them a little of the attention that is bestowed upon their more gross and less attractive neighbors, the pigs. Give them a fair trial, and they will pay any farmer for his care much better than pigs, and will supply his table with greater luxuries, and at a cheaper rate. And to establish this position I will tell you a tale, quite as literal as some others, founded on fact. In the year 1850, my poultry yard cost me—

In stock	$20,90	$79,77
In food for fowls	39,81	
It produced in eggs	21,92	
" " in manure	5,00	
" in stock at close	50,00	$86,92
Deduct expense		79,77
Profit		$15,15

It produced in this time 91 fowls, weighing about 300 pounds, paying ten dollars above what they cost. In other words, the yard paid for itself and three cents a pound premium for all the poultry used in the family. When did a porker ever pay you for the privilege of eating him? Even Charles Lamb's roast pig will have to knock under to the biddies.

In 1851, the yard cost—In stock	$31,50
" " In food	85,50
Total	$120,00
It produced 366 dozen eggs, worth	45,75
" 5 loads of manure	3,00
" Stock on hand at the close	173,00
Total	$166,75
Deduct	120,00
Profit	$46,75

It produced 61 fowls, weighing about 200 pounds. In other words, the poultry paid 23 cents a pound for the privilege of being eaten. Was roast pig ever so gracious as this? I have tried pork growing repeatedly, and have never been able to reduce the cost of production below five cents a pound. I shall eat poultry henceforth.—CONNECTICUT YANKEE, *in American Agriculturist.*

POINTS OF AN AYRSHIRE COW.

Would you know how to judge a good Ayrshire cow,
Attend to the lesson you'll hear from me now:—
Her head should be short, and her muzzle good size;
Her nose should be fine between muzzle and eyes;
Her eyes full and lively; forehead ample and wide;
Horns wide, looking up, and curved inward beside;
Her neck should be a fine, tapering wedge;
And free from loose skin on the undermost edge;
Should be fine where 'tis joined with the seat of the brain;
Long and straight over head, without hollow or mane;
Shoulder-blades should be thin, where they meet at the top;
Let her brisket be light, nor resemble a crop;
Her fore-part recede like the lash of a whip,
And strongly resemble the bow of a ship;
Her back short and straight, with the spine well defined,
Especially where the back, neck and shoulders are joined;
Her ribs short and arched, like the ribs of a barge;
Body deep at the flanks; and milk veins full and large;
Pelvis long, broad and straight, and in some measure flat;
Hook-bones wide apart, and not bearing much fat;
Her thighs deep and broad, neither rounded nor flat;
Her tail long and fine, and joined with her back;
Milk-vessels capacious, and forward extending;
The bladder part broad, and to body fast pending;
The sole of her udder should form a plane,
And all the four teats equal thickness attain,
Their length not exceeding two inches or three;
They should hang to the earth perpendicularly;
Their distance apart, when they're viewed from behind,
Will include about half of the udder, you'll find;
And when viewed from the side they will have at each end
As much of the udder as 'tween them is penned;
Her legs should be short, and the bones fine and clean,
The points of the latter being firm and keen;
Skin soft and elastic as a cushion of air,
And covered all o'er with short, clean, woolly hair;
The colors preferred are mahogany red,
Either brown and white chequered, or all brown will do;
The weight of the animal, leaving the stall,
Should be about 5 cwt., sinking offal.
—*Cork, in Irish Farmer's Gazette.*

GALLS ON HORSES.—An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It is bad economy to use poor harness. The collar, especially, should always be in good condition. It should be frequently washed and oiled; an occasional pounding will keep it soft and in good shape. Whenever it becomes thin or broken, pads should be worn underneath it.

Galls are occasioned often, by putting horses to hard work all at once, after a period of rest, as in the spring, after the rest of winter. As a means of preparing the horse for such work, it is well to bathe his breast and back with a solution of alum and whiskey for several days before the labor begins. It is well to use this preparation also at any other time when the skin seems tender. We have known small sores to heal up entirely under the use of this remedy, even though the horse was kept at work.

It is another excellent preventive of galls to bathe the shoulders and breast of a working horse once or twice a week, at night, with salt and water, washing off the same with pure water in the morning.

When the skin becomes badly broken, a horse should be allowed a few days rest, or if work is very pressing, the harness should be so padded as not to irritate the sore; otherwise, it will be vain to expect a cure. Some of our neighbors use white lead, mixed with linseed oil, (common paint,) to cure galls. And they often succeed with it: at least they get a hard incrustation over the broken skin. But we hardly fancy this *tanning* a horse's hide while he is yet wearing it.—*American Agriculturist.*

SALT FOR PLUM TREES.—It is now almost impossible to cultivate any kind of plums in this climate, unless salt enters liberally as an ingredient into the compost applied to them.—When this article is used in conjunction with house ashes, there appears rarely to be much difficulty in producing good and healthy trees, which ultimately prove highly productive of fair and well developed fruit. When trees are set in situations in which application of compost is not feasible, or where it would subject the operator to considerable fatigue or expense, salt, in its crude state, may be applied; or it may be dissolved and poured around the roots.

If plum trees were carefully washed down once or twice a year in a whiskey ley, and supplied with two or three quarts each of salt—care being taken to retain the soil around their roots light and free from weeds, we should hear far fewer complaints of want of success in this department of pomological enterprise. No fruit commands a more ready sale or a higher price in the market. Good plums are at present so scarce as to render them a luxury, and those who have valuable trees in good bearing, are realizing a heavy profit from them. Let those who have trees profit by the above suggestions; they indicate the only legitimate course to be pursued.—*New England Farmer.*

PICKLED FODDER.—Some time since, we gave, from a foreign correspondent, a description of the process used in some parts of Germany for curing green forage in pits. The Homestead speaks of a similar process as having been noticed by the editor in his travels in Europe, as follows:

"In the Bavarian and Tyrolean mountains, the peasants have a way of curing hay, which has some similarity to this process, especially as it induces a thorough fermentation. The cured hay is known as 'brown hay,' and is of a dark brown color, very hard and caked, so as to make it necessary to cut it with hay knives or hatchets. They gather the hay, let it wilt, and then pack it in their barns, which are built of logs, and which have *pretty free* ventilation on all sides. It is well *salted*, trampled down as compactly as possible, and left to itself. Shortly there comes on a fermentation, accompanied by great heat. The building steams and smokes at a great rate, and occasionally, if not guarded from too great draughts, takes fire; but this is very seldom, as the requisite care is almost always taken. After this steaming and heating begins to subside, persons enter, and throwing fresh grass on, tread it down again. It settles very much, becoming a *very* nutritious, good fodder, preferred by cattle to hay cured in the ordinary way."

FOOT-ROT IN SHEEP.—My shepherd uses bluestone, powdered as fine as possible, and mixed with lard, till it is about as thick as butter, and sky blue. If F. R. will try this, after cutting all the decayed hoof away, and taking care not to make the foot bleed, he will find his sheep cured with two or three dressings. The great fault with shepherds is in allowing the poor brutes to go for days without taking the trouble to see what is the matter with them; and, when asked, generally answer, "don't know; 'spose it's got something 'tween its hoofs;' and so they go on from day to day losing flesh, and eventually the hoof, when he begins to dress it, getting something from the chemists which burns the foot up and does no good. As soon as the sheep is lame it should be caught, and the the hoof cut close, and the above ointment applied immediately. Should the sheep have become very bad after cutting the hoof away, and before applying the ointment, wash it with a *little* salt and water, lukewarm.—A HERTFORDSHIRE FARMER, *in London Field.*

SCATTERING SALT ON APPLE TREES.—Dr. E. Sanborn, of Andover, sends to the editor of the Advertiser, of that town, a specimen of Porter apples gathered from the tree on the 19th of November, which he thinks were kept on the branches by throwing salt on them. The editor, after having tasted the apples, remarks that, "whether from salting or the late gathering it imbibed such a delicious flavor, we do not know: but this we do know, that it was one of the best Porter apples that we have ever tasted. We think the experiment worth a further trial."

Useful Receipts.

PAINT.—To get rid of the smell of oil paint, put a handful of hay into a pail of water, and let it stand in a room newly painted.

MAKING AND PACKING DOWN BUTTER FOR WINTER USE.—The milk, when strained, should stand until the cream *rises—from 24 to 36 hours—then skim and bring to a proper temperature, which practice will soon teach.* In churning gather well and work the particles of milk from the butter before salting. Use no water in this process. Salt to suit your fancy. Let it dissolve for the space of about 12 hours, then work it again. It is now fit for packing. The vessel should be stone. Sprinkle a little salt in the bottom. Then pack your butter as solid as possible. If the *sprinkling* of salt is repeated between each layer, it is more convenient to cut when used. Butter prepared in this manner, has been *preferred* by *competent judges* and will keep sweet and good, with but little expense and trouble.—*A Farmer's Daughter, in Genesee Farmer.*

COAL TAR ON WALKS.—If the "Meath Subscriber" will mix fine sand and quicklime with the coal tar, until of the consistency of mortar, and apply it hot to the walks, he will find it succeed perfectly. It is better to have a sole of broken stones, about an inch square, and pounded flat—the coat of tar from two to three inches thick.—*London Field.*

GLANDERS.—Sponge the parts with a strong solution of chloride of zinc several times a day; and give large doses of yeast mixed with a little porter or beer daily for two or three weeks. Let the groom or veterinary surgeon take care to wash his hands well afterwards in the solution of chloride of zinc as a precautionary measure against infection.—*London Field.*

BEDBUGS AND ROACHES.—Experiments have established the fact that the plant known to botanists as *Polygonum punctatum*, usually known as waterpepper or smartweed, which may be found in abundance along the ditches, roads, lanes, and barn-yards, is an effectual and certain destroyer of the bedbug. A strong decoction is made of the herb, and the places infested with the insect well washed with it. The plant may also, with much advantage, be stuffed in the cracks and corners of the room. Elderberry leaves, laid upon the shelves of a safe or cupboard, will also drive away ants and roaches.

CLEANING SILKS.—Mix well together equal proportions of alcohol, soft soap and molasses. Place the silk to be cleaned on a smooth, clean table, and with a soft brush or sponge apply the mixture, rubbing briskly until all the dirt is removed. Have ready two vessels of soft, clean water; take the article by one end and dip two or three times, first in one vessel, then in the other, being very careful not to wring or crease the silk. After being dipped in the water, hang it on a line until it stops dripping; then place smoothly and carefully between the folds of a sheet, and iron until quite dry. Then unfold the sheet, and you will find it difficult to distinguish between the silk you have washed and a new piece. The molasses gives the requisite stiffness; and although the mixture is composed of singular ingredients, it may be applied to the most delicate colors without injury. Dresses must be taken apart, of course, before undergoing the cleansing process.

☞ Humbug is like guano, it makes the poorest soil produce the greatest crops. Manure a five dollar bill with humbug, and in a few weeks the V spot changes to 100. But humbug, like guano, has a decided tendency to exhaust the soil, ruin the land, and make it altogether unproductive after the first crop.

The Riddler.

GEOMETRICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 102 letters.
My 6, 15, 17, 16, 20, is a geometrical term.
My 32, 30, 15, 12, 66, 29, 7, 63, 38, is a triangle.
My 30, 53, 62, 11, is a figure of geometry.
My 23, 51, 58, 66, 15, is a superficies.
My 24, 42, 61, 97, 31, 49, is a geometrical term.
My 31, 9, 91, 38, 25, 21, 45, 57, 8, 10, 11, 18, 37, 11, 15, 20, 87, 92, 59, 20, 35, 24, 79, 88, 53, 72, 69, 97, 93, 12, 87, 1, 13, 16, 17, 70, 19, 70, 8, 11, 22, 30, 18, 11, 69, 20, 72, 40, 73, 21, 23, 41, 42, 43, 93, 45, 78, 75, 44, 49, 50, 2, 28, 33, 77, 55, 51, 4, 76, 86, 100, 101, 14, 52, 5, 48, 47, 67, 26, 65, 81, 74, 27, 36, 40, 26, 39, 71, 41, 42, 43, 61, 69, 37, 3, 85, 13, 98, 25, 84, in the rule for a problem in triangles.
My 10, 31, 62, 88, 30, 33, 71, 84, is a solid figure.
My 102, 60, 50, 4, 46, is a term applied to triangles.
My 60, 28, 95, 23, 98, 62, 85, 83, 92, 64, is a figure of the solids.
My 90, 32, 64, 20, 84, 21, 10, 11, 30, is one of the Mechanical Powers.
My 35, 68, 15, 18, 34, 82, 54, 37, 22, 46, is a solid figure which has twenty equilateral triangular faces.
My whole is a rule in Geometry. CINROS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 9, 7, 19, 3, is a pronoun.
My 2, 5, 7, 6, is a useful ornament.
My 3, 1, 2, 3, 6, is used in medicine.
My 4, 7, 18, 1, 5, 6, is one of the seasons.
My 5, 6, 3, 18, 13, is an enclosure.
My 6, 2, 9, 8, 3, is a river in Europe.
My 7, 6, 11, 9, 5, is a country in Asia.
My 8, 5, 10, 8, 7, 2, is a female name.
My 9, 8, 1, 3, 6, is a prefix signifying between.
My 10, 5, 11, 7, 9, is a point opposite the zenith.
My 11, 3, 5, 1, 2, is the extinction of life.
My 12, 6, 3, 10, 3, is a female name.
My 13, 9, 11, is a copulative conjunction.
My whole is an exciting topic in both hemispheres.
R. R. FOX.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 2, 5, 16, 1, is a county in Kentucky.
My 16, 2, 12, 11, 2, is a river in Europe.
My 15, 16, 13, 6, 8, is a sea in Asia.
My 1, 17, 7, 6, 8, is a county in Texas.
My 10, 7, 12, 11, 1, is a town in England.
My 9, 2, 12, 9, is a county in Virginia.
My 14, 12, 6, 2, 9, is a county in Virginia.
My whole is a wonder in nature. E. McBRIDE.
Fayette, Alleghany Co., Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a garden there did bloom
A flower of beauty rare,
And when it shed its sweet perfume,
It scented all the air;—
But ere it had its blossoms burst.—
'Twas trained to climb along my FIRST.

In a cabin in a western land,
On the Mississippi's shore,
Two men sit with cards in hand
Playing for glittering ore:
The game is done, and all things reckoned,
The winner is he who holds my SECOND.

We read upon historic page—
Of many noble men and true;
Who 'gainst oppression war did wage,
Resolved to "die or do."
And such was he—all heart and soul—
Whose name will simplify my WHOLE.
GAHMEW.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five letters will spell my name aright,
Though I never drink yet I am often tight;
By me much good has oft been done,
For evil too, a name I've justly won;
Three letters of my whole was a soldier's name,
A stranger to fear, but not to fame;
My first and last omit, and strange to say,
One only then remains: how is this, pray?
Pittsburg, Pa. L. A. M.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.
Erase my 1, 6, 7, 8, and I am a harmless animal.
Erase my 1, 2, 3, 4, and I am what all young ladies love to have.
Erase my 3, 5, 7, 8, and I am what many seek.
Erase my 1, 3, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am of the masculine gender.
Erase my 1, 3, 7, 8, and I am unsound in a limb.
Erase my 3, 4, 5, 7, and transpose, and I am a passage for smoke.
Erase my 1, 2, 5, 7, and transpose, and I am a useful animal.
Erase my 1, 2, 3, 8, and transpose, and I am a stick of timber.
Erase my 1, 4, 5, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am a meadow.
Erase my 1, 5, 6, 8, and I am an animal of South America.
Erase my 1, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am a fragrant ointment.
Erase my 1, 3, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am what we take every day.
Erase my 1, 3, 4, 2, 8, and transpose, and I am a beverage.
My whole is a lighted torch.
Cape Island, N. J. J. P. McGOVERN.

ANAGRAMS ON THE NAMES OF ISLANDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

1. Rum, be sad
2. More age
3. Rout Stag
4. Clean Id
5. Dean Irl
6. At not neck.
7. Shee bird.
8. Am I a Jac?
9. Gay Watch.
10. I am corn

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Seven equal circles touch each other externally, and enclose between the points of contact one acre. Required the radii of the circles?
Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is praising children like opium? Ans.—Because it's laud'num (*laudin' 'em!*)

☞ Why was the prophet Nathan greater than the Mediterranean? Ans.—Because the Mediterranean is a sea, but Nathan was a seer. (*sea-er.*)

☞ Why is a fish chowder like a polygon? Ans.—Because it is a soup o' fishes (superficies) obtained by lines and angles.

☞ Why are the ladies of Missouri so sweet. Ans.—Because they are *Mo lasses.*

☞ THE PIANO TENSE.—Why does a pianoforte resemble the conditional mood of the second auxiliary verb? Ans.—Because it's made of *wood* (would) and should be.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—William Moultrie, Major-General United States Army. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—Milton's Paradise Lost. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Fort Pitt Iron Works, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. CHARADE—Mortingale (Mort-in-gale). CHARADE—Quitman (quit! man.) CHARADE—Bridgewater. ANAGRAMS—Rio Grande, Yellowstone, Monongahela, Ocmulgee, Tombigby, Escambia, St. Lawrence, Potomac, St. Louis, Delaware. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM—Depth 24 in. Diameter of top 20 inches.

☞ Many persons utter an offensive witticism in reply to a friend, for no better reason than the boy gave for knocking his father down—"He stood so fair I couldn't help it."